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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ENGLAND'S PROBLEMS

WITH its issue of May 5, *The Nation and the Athenæum* passed from the editorship of Mr. Massingham, who had guided its fortunes from its foundation in 1907, to Professor Keynes and his associates. In their foreword, the latter profess sympathies 'for a Liberal Party which has its centre well to the left, a party definitely of change and progress, disappointed with the world, striving after many ends; but with freer, more disinterested minds than Labor has, and quit of their out-of-date doctrines.' The new editors conceive the dividing questions of the immediate future to fall into two great groups: peace and disarmament, and the economic structure. . . . 'The hopes of peace are staked upon the attainment of that ideal of a new international policy which has given birth to the League of Nations.' The editors disclaim a ready-made programme for remodeling the economic structure. They recognize that 'economic discontent is now focused on the vague issues of industrial control,' but believe it a mistake to suppose that these issues involve Socialism, which is 'antiquated . . . and largely irrelevant to the real problems of to-day.'

Addressing the Conservative Association of Cambridge University last April, Sir Geoffrey Butler posed the public questions that face the rising generation in Great Britain more concretely, but was equally unable to bring England's domestic problems within a definite formula: —

'Is our foreign policy to be regarded merely as a question in the mechanics of opposing forces, and if so, to what extent? If not, what are to be the substitutes for force? On the sea, by land, and in the air our margin of strength has not been for many years so small as now. Or again, are international affairs really to be subjected to some sort of control that is not purely national, and if so, what shape is that control to take? Is the scramble for oil, and for the markets, and for participation in the international financial transactions, of the world to provide an arena in which we are to work, or to compete, with the United States? What is the price that we are to pay for coöperation with that Power? Is it worth our while to pay it?

'How far again is it really feasible to develop the Crown Colonies? What are the necessary political steps to be taken in order to render financial and commercial exploitation practical policy? And above and behind all these, are doctrines as to the so-called "do-

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minion status," which we see so airily professed at every turn, ultimately satisfactory? Is it inevitable that we should see individual dominions contracting treaties; that we should bow to the inevitable just because the treaties are not at present important; and, if so, are we likely to find some day that the so-called British Empire has become an amorphous body with no striking power in a time of crisis? Or, contrariwise, is it possible to reach some formula as acceptable in Sydney, and Ottawa, and Cape Town, as it is in Downing Street?

'Now, as regards the internal politics of England, we are on the verge of far-reaching social experiments. These social experiments must have an engrossing interest for those engaged in conducting them. At the best, we are likely to see a race of politicians bred who are bound to be specialists in the specialized problem which an overcrowded and highly industrialized island furnishes. At the worst, we are going to see a great increase in the number of professional politicians, a result which an enlargement in the scope of municipal politics in this modern democracy may tend to produce. I maintain, therefore, that never as now does Great Britain need a wide appreciation of political issues among educated persons.'

FRENCH CLAIMS IN TURKEY

ROGER LEBONNE devotes a leading article in a late issue of *Le Correspondant* to picturing the present controversies over Turkey as an Anglo-Saxon attack upon France's legitimate hegemony in that country. Ever since the Crusades the French language and culture have had a strong foothold in the Levant.

'Without a knowledge of our tongue, that Volapük and Esperanto so indispensable in a country where all jargons are current, it is impossible to secure a position in a bank, a factory, a shop, an important government office, or the bar. French is practically the official language. The General Jewish Alliance employs it in its schools. . . . Immediately after the Armistice five of the leading journals of Constantinople were published in French: *Le Stamboul*, the official organ, *La Renaissance*, *La Bosphore*, *Le Moniteur Oriental*, and the *Journal d'Orient*, representing respectively the four great foreign colonies of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Latins. These great journals, with their wide circulation, resemble mighty ocean greyhounds by the side of a little launch, compared with the *Oriental News*, the English publication. So French intellectual influence was completely in the ascendant, despite all the devices used to extinguish it by the Germans during the war, the rivalry of the Italians, and the vigorous efforts of the Bible Society.'

Now ungrateful Turkey has not only turned her sympathy away from France, according to this writer, but, what is even more distressing, she has annulled the exceedingly profitable concessions that French capital had obtained in her dominions. To cap the climax, the Angora Assembly, by a vote of one hundred and eighty-six of its two hundred and six members, has approved the Chester Concession.

'The adoption of the Chester project is a culmination of a long series of illegal measures. . . . On April 21, 1914, the Sultan, by an Imperial irade, granted the Royal Ottoman Railway Company, a French corporation, a concession to construct the projected lines in Anatolia in return for eight hundred million francs. When the war broke out, the Ottoman Empire had received about five hundred million francs. . . .

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'In a remarkable book written forty years ago, Gabriel Charmes expressed this opinion: "It takes force to compel Turkey to fulfill her promises; unless force is employed nothing can be obtained from Turkey." One's mind involuntarily turns to this statement when he reads the terms of the Chester Concession, which so shamelessly violates a formal engagement and menaces so flagrantly French interests in Asia Minor.'

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RUSSO-JAPANESE RAPPROCHEMENT

THE visit of Mr. Joffe, the Far-Eastern representative of Soviet Russia, to Japan at the invitation of Viscount Goto, the Mayor of Tokyo, naturally received wide attention, in view of the lively popular interest Japanese feel in the perennial question of their relations with Russia. Viscount Goto has issued a pamphlet upon this subject, which was reprinted in the Japanese *Diplomatic Review*. His argument is that Bolshevism is not an immutable but a constantly evolving social and political programme. So far as it is erroneous, it must be combated by thought, not by force. 'It is folly to try to check thought by military or police measures. . . . It is an insult to the national character of the Japanese to exclude Bolshevism lest they turn red. . . . A hundred Lenins and Joffes can come to our shores without danger of converting the nation.'

Meanwhile the welfare of Japan and Russia, whose territories border on each other, demands that they come to an understanding. 'Geography and history determine international relations. . . . Russia is certainly not what it was; but its land and its people remain unchanged, and it is the land and people that constitute the foundation of high politics. . . . The disastrous failure of Great Britain and France proves the folly of attempting to subjugate the Soviets by political, military, or economic blockades. The Japanese, with their traditional sanity, hope to derive material advantages from entering into new and better relations with their neighbors, instead of clinging obstinately to the memories of the past.'

The same theme is developed by Doctor Yoneda Minoru in the *Chuo Koron*. He announces it as an 'indisputable and uncontrollable fact that both the Russian and Japanese peoples are fervently desirous of resuming their friendship and trade relations.' He begs the Government and people of Japan 'to abandon the foolish and timid attitude they have assumed in the past toward Russia . . . and to give full recognition to Soviet Russia.' Japan has been deterred from this hitherto by fear of Bolshevist propaganda and by considerations of courtesy to European Powers. But she is a manufacturing country without dependencies to supply her with raw materials. She must have access to the Siberian storehouse.

Viscount Takahashi, former premier and President of the Seiyu-kai Party, addressed a mass meeting in Yokohama last month in which he expressed his regret at the failure of the previous conferences between Japan and Soviet Russia, and the hope that Japan, England, and the United States would recognize the Moscow Government. However, Japan need not wait for England and America to act, but should move in the matter immediately and independently.

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A GERMAN ON AMERICAN SCHOOLS

DR. REINHARD STRECKER, Professor of Pedagogics at Darmstadt University, who has spent more than half a year studying the public schools of the United States, gives them a

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flattering testimonial in a May issue of *Vorwärts:* —

> Our German schools are far more strict, severe, and exigent, and the instruction they give, especially in foreign languages, is much more thorough than in America. However, our schools secure these qualities at the sacrifice of elasticity of spirit among the pupils, and lesser attainment in non-linguistic branches. That American education accomplishes its object is proved by the high technical evolution of the country. . . . And the pleasure the children take in their work! The difference in their relations toward their teachers! These are educational factors to be prized, though if carried too far they have their defects, as does our strict discipline.

Professor Strecker alludes to the preponderance of women in the teaching profession, but sees some advantages in this. He attributes to it the greater respect that women enjoy in America, and the healthier relations between the sexes.

But the soundest feature of American education, in his opinion, is the absence of social distinctions throughout the period of education. . . . 'The supercilious lieutenant and the arrogant *corpsstudent* would be impossible in such an atmosphere.'

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NATIONALIZATION IN RUMANIA

RUMANIA'S new constitution, just adopted after a struggle which has cost the lives of several ministries, contains an article decreeing that 'all mineral and underground wealth of whatever nature is the property of the state.' Compensation is not mentioned, but Parliament is allowed to fix the share of the eventual profits from such wealth that the present owners are to receive. The clause has naturally caused some alarm to investors not only in Rumania itself but likewise in other countries. In practice, however, it promises to do little more than expressly authorize the Government to collect a royalty on petroleum and minerals. Similar royalties are already collected in the form of a tax by some Canadian provinces, by Pennsylvania on coal, and by Minnesota on iron ore.

The Rumanian Government has formally declared that it has no intention of exploiting the mines and oil wells of the country directly, but that it proposes to prevent these forms of wealth from falling into foreign hands. However, the presence of this provision in the constitution — and it will be impossible to repeal it, because the newly enfranchised peasants are its enthusiastic supporters — is regarded as a step toward eventual nationalization, and the Radical parties contemplate such action as soon as they gain power.

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SELF-HELP IN VIENNA

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Observer* calls attention to the fact that the gloom that for four years has rested over Vienna is not unbroken by some rays of light. Indeed, the initiative and spirit of self-help shown by the city's distressed tenants and homeless families might well be imitated elsewhere.

Altmannsdorf-Hetzendorf, a new suburban settlement, 'consists of about 400 little houses, largely built by the dwellers themselves; another 400 cottages are being built, and by the end of this year 1200 will be finished. Many persons drifting back from the war could not find a roof over their heads. They built little wooden huts in *Schrebergärten* (vegetable gardens), and later on, with the help of their wives and children, transformed those huts into cottages. Thus almost desert country has been turned into settlements. At first the financial side of the enterprise offered the greatest difficulties. But the pioneers formed a coöperative

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society; they secured material cheap, and produced as much as possible themselves, doing the hardest work imaginable. The municipality has so far granted them twelve billion kronen (£36,000), and another eighteen billions are at the further disposal of the settlers for new buildings. Assistance has also been given by the English Mission of Friends. Every settler is obliged to do 1500 to 2000 (in some cases even 3000) hours' work without payment.

'Herr Adolf Müller, a member of the Provincial Diet and one of the pioneers of the movement, showed us his charming little house, a model of hygiene, and the well-fitted workshops of the settlement, where most of the things wanted for building purposes are made, in part by the settlers themselves. Herr Müller told us that they have gained enormously in health, and that a strong sense of companionship prevails. All alcoholic drinks are banned. The settlers form a little republic governed by the committee, who are appointed by the dwellers.

'Finally we were shown the beautifully situated *Rosenhügel* settlement, which commands a magnificent view; 470 houses are to be erected here, of which 153 have been started and 108 are already finished. Doctors, painters, and sculptors, who built those places with their own hands, are among the settlers. We saw an original little cottage, of which the roof consisted of old tins left about the ground by excursionists.'

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JAPAN'S MILITARY RETRENCHMENT

SINCE August of last year Japan has retired about 850 officers, including seven generals, and the Government announces that it will shortly discharge from the service 1371 additional officers, including four generals, 17 lieutenant-generals, and 33 major-generals. Many of the army and navy officers placed on the retired list have entered the Department of Economics of the Imperial University for the purpose of qualifying themselves for civilian occupations. The *Herald of Asia* observes in this connection: 'To see officers, or rather ex-officers, of high rank, such as rear-admirals and major-generals, returning to the school benches, which they must until recently have thought would be forever but a childhood memory, is rather inspiring, and the fact that these men are ranking among the foremost of the students demonstrates their determination to make the best of the circumstances which have befallen them so unexpectedly.'

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AN ASTROLOGER AT WORK

SINCE 1918 an astrologer, who is said at one time to have possessed the confidence of Kaiser William II and his family, has been living in strict retirement at Berlin. Recently he cast the horoscope of four distinguished public men for a reigning house in southern Europe. The men in question were President Ebert, Chancellor Cuno, Poincaré, and Lloyd George.

The curious may find these horoscopes printed in the *Prager Tagblatt* of May 3. Cuno is promised little success in 1923 and 1924, but at the end of the latter year will be under the influence of a happier constellation, which may bring him a radical change of fortune. This astrologer, who is reputed to have prophesied Rathenau's violent death, does not agree with his confrères in predicting a similar death for President Ebert, although conditions exist that demand great caution on the part of the German President.

Late in 1924 or early in 1925 Poincaré is to become exceedingly unpopular in his own country. His personal

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fortunes are likely to be influenced by a woman of royalist sympathies, whose acquaintance he will make early in 1924. Lloyd George, who at some future date will again be brought into political opposition to Poincaré, is described as still far from the end of his public career.

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PEONAGE IN ARGENTINA

APROPOS of the measures discussed at the Pan-American Congress in Santiago for the protection of dependent races, *La Prensa* points out that this is a question of wider import in Argentina. Not only the uncivilized Indians but citizen laborers are subject to great oppression in some of her northern provinces.

In 1904 Argentina provided by law for 'protectors of the natives' and for some ten years the national Department of Labor has investigated and reported upon their condition. These investigations have revealed serious abuses similar to those that prevailed in Mexico under the Diaz régime, when Indian laborers were recruited in the more thickly settled sections to work upon the henequin planations of Yucatan.

Recruiters penetrate to the remotest villages of the tropical forests of the northern Argentine in search of labor. The Indians, often accompanied by their families, are induced to leave home by the promise of high wages, promises that are not kept after they have reached their destination. They are brought to the railway in long caravans and transported from that point on flat cars 'with accommodations worse than those provided for live stock.'

They are herded on the estates under the open sky, without sufficient food and destitute of everything that distinguishes men from animals. Notwithstanding this, they are a very valuable class of labor, since most of them combine extraordinary physical strength with natural docility. They accomplish as much as civilized workers of the better class, and the pay they receive is substantially nothing, for their low wages are in the form of orders, valid only at the plantation store, where they are charged incredibly exorbitant prices for the poorest quality of goods. The natives also have a natural love of alcohol, which is played upon to induce them to take their balances at the end of their contracts in liquors.

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FASCISTI AND POPOLARI

WE take the following suggestive comparison of the Fascisti and the Popolari from the Rome correspondence of *Kölnische Zeitung:* —

The conflict is not only between two dictators — Mussolini, the founder of Fascism, and Don Sturzo, the founder of the Popular Party — but simultaneously a conflict between two fundamentally different tendencies. Behind it, if we go deep enough, is the old feud between Ghibellines and Guelphs; between the ancient-pagan and the mediæval-spiritual conception of the State. The Fascisti seek a centralized, nationalist, imperial, highly disciplined, and powerful government, ruled by an oligarchy; the Popolari seek a decentralized, democratic, parliamentary government, with a maximum of personal and political liberty. In the field of foreign policy their differences are equally striking. Fascism champions the *sacro egoismo* of a national imperialism whose ambitions are limited only by the power of its rivals, while the Popolari advocate peace and international coöperation. Don Sturzo has been laboring more than a year to organize a 'white international' embracing the Catholic parties of every country.

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PLUNDERING PEKING

BY COUNT ALFRED WALDERSEE

[*Field-Marshal Waldersee commanded the internationa expedition to Peking at the time of the Boxer disturbances in* 1900. *The following article has been compiled from his notes by Heinrich Otto Meisner. It is published substantially as it appears in the* Preussische Jahrbücher *except for the suppression of certain names and the omission of several footnotes. American readers will recall that the term 'Huns,' applied to the Germans by the Allies, harks back to the Kaiser's exhortation to the German contingent when it left for China; and will doubtless infer certain reticences in General Waldersee's memoranda.*]

From *Preussische Jahrbücher, March*
(Berlin Conservative Nationalist Historical Monthly)

When the advance against Peking reached Tungchow, the generals assembled for a council of war. General Linevich, Commander of the Russian contingent and the auxiliary troops, declared that his men were so exhausted by the excessive heat that he must halt for two days. He must also wait for the arrival of the river junks with supplies. After a long consultation it was agreed to rest one day and on August 15 to advance with all forces against Peking. During the night of August 13 a movement started in the Russian camp and the advance really began at that time, although the foreign generals were not notified. The other contingents, with the exception of the French, followed as rapidly as they were able. I do not know what caused General Linevich to make this move. Rumor has it that a messenger reached him from the Russian Embassy in Peking, urging the utmost haste.

The Russians marched along the main road north of the canal with the Japanese upon their right. The English and the Americans followed the main highway south of the canal. Since the 'Chinese City' (of Peking), which lay directly in the line of march of the latter, was not defended, a few Indian soldiers managed to scale the outer wall and to open a gate from the inside, permitting their forces to march through. Later they attacked the much higher southern wall of the inner or Tatar City, the English striking it at the Hata Gate and west of that point facing the business quarter, while the Americans advanced against the Chien Gate.

Both the Hata Gate and the Chien Gate were defended by Chinese, but the wall between was not garrisoned. This enabled a few Englishmen to crawl under the wall without firing a shot, at the point where it is pierced by the canal that divides the business section into two parts. They thus were able to enter the Tatar City. Immediately the Chinese abandoned the two gates, which were opened from the inside and seized by the English and the Americans. The English troops were utterly exhausted and rested the remainder of the fourteenth, but the Americans exchanged shots from the Chien Gate with the Chinese, who had fortified themselves at the two gates and the temples south of the Forbidden City.

The Russians, with the Japanese upon their right, struck the Tatar City along the eastern wall, which was heavily garrisoned by Chinese. They attacked vigorously, and late in the

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afternoon forced their way into the city with the loss of some two hundred men, taking possession of the quarter lying nearest them. The Japanese pushed forward farther than their neighbors. The French pillaged Tungchow on August 14, and were reported to have perpetrated great atrocities there. Numerous Chinese, including many Christians, were slaughtered.

The first troops that France sent to China were colonial forces under the command of General Frey. The other contingents engaged in the advance against Peking — that is, the English, Americans, Japanese, and Russians, particularly the latter — had a very poor opinion of these forces. The French were charged with being ill-disciplined, especially when on the march and toward the natives, with falling behind the other troops, and with lack of snap and spirit. Russian officers were especially severe in their criticisms, which they expressed so frankly that relations between the two contingents were from the outset most unfriendly. Russian generals spoke very contemptuously of the French. The Brigade Baillaud and the Regiment *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, which came later, and the artillery, were unquestionably much better, but discipline was inferior throughout the French forces, especially in case of the infantry.

The French did not reach Peking until early on August 15. They joined the Americans in light skirmishing on the southern edge of the Forbidden City and the western portion of the Tatar City. Among all contingents a disposition to pillage grew with the obstinacy of the Chinese resistance. The French officers were not able to get their men forward to the Catholic Cathedral, which was hard pressed and where more than three thousand Chinese and European Christians, with Bishops Favier and Jarlin, had found refuge. This cathedral had been besieged since June 14. The Christians shut up there were not rescued until the sixteenth, and then by the Japanese, who penetrated to that point from the north of the Imperial City. On the fifteenth the Americans had serious friction with the Russians and the French over the delimitation of the districts that they were to plunder. Rumor has it that they came near to exchanging shots.

The Japanese were the driving force in the advance against Peking. Had it not been for their push and energy, the expedition would have been appreciably delayed. In addition, they were far better equipped and better informed concerning conditions and topography. All the other contingents were clumsy in their field operations. The leading spirit among the Japanese was not General Yamaguchi, the division commander, but General Fukushima.

During the six weeks of anarchy that had reigned in Peking, the Chinese wrought wreck and ruin on every hand. This was quite as true of the Government soldiers as of the Boxers. Many civilian inhabitants of the city had also participated in the carnival of pillage and destruction. The Imperial City was garrisoned by reliable troops and was completely cut off from the Tatar City and the still remoter Chinese City that successively encircled it; but beyond its borders burning, pillaging, and murder were unchecked. The first victims were naturally the Christians, of whom there were at least ten thousand in Peking, and the numerous missionary institutions. The next victims were those reputed to be friendly to foreigners. False witness and private vengeance played a great part in these atrocities, as always happens in China. Hordes of beggars and thieves also took advantage of the opportunity to enrich themselves.

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When the international troops entered, they found entire streets and numerous private buildings in ruins and many residences completely looted. All the wealthier inhabitants who could do so had fled, and many houses of the better class were unoccupied.

It was not strange, therefore, that our expeditionary soldiers, who had become habituated to pillaging and plundering on the march to Peking, and also had been sedulously excited to a fanatical hatred of the Chinese, should be tempted, upon finding the city in this condition, also to take to looting. The Indian and Japanese troops thought they had a perfect right to all the booty they could lay hands on. Every nation except the Germans had already received a thorough training in plundering at Tientsin, so matters naturally took the course they did at Peking. It was not until three days had elapsed that the generals agreed to put a stop to looting. After that the worst atrocities ceased, but for a long time thereafter security of property was practically unknown. Since Captain von Usedon did not permit his men to enter Tientsin until after the fighting there was over, and since the German troops did not reach Peking until plundering had been forbidden, our soldiers did not participate in this period of pillage. Neither did the Italians or the Austrians.

It is useless to discuss whether the Russians, Japanese, English, French, or Americans most distinguished themselves in these exploits. All shared in them. The Japanese plundered with system and discipline, as they always kept their men well in hand. No one was permitted to loot for private profit. Each soldier was required to turn over what he secured. The Japanese were naturally better informed than others as to where valuables were to be found, and concentrated their attention upon silver and gold bullion. A Japanese general assured me that the booty taken by his forces at Tientsin alone amounted to two million taels — or about a million and a half dollars in American currency.

The Americans afforded the most striking contrast to the Japanese. They were fond of professing that their laws forbade plundering under heavy penalties, and that consequently their men did not participate in the pillaging. But as a matter of fact their soldiers did loot, to a certain extent with the countenance of their officers, most efficiently. For weeks you could buy openly in the American camps, from officers and privates alike, articles of every kind, and it was not unusual to see American soldiers peddling their booty. Furthermore, a great number of American buyers were on the ground purchasing loot. Unquestionably American officers permitted these proceedings, and probably they participated in them. If I remember rightly, it was in May when it was reported to me that our police had detected Chinese letting down valuable articles by ropes during the night from the southwest corner of the walls of the Forbidden City. The offenders were turned over to the Chinese courts, and I was assured later that the evidence proved that the Americans assigned to guard this part of the Forbidden City were implicated in these proceedings.

When the Forbidden City was restored to the Chinese late in 1901, the greater part of that portion which had been under Japanese protection was in good condition, but the American section was almost completely looted. The official speeches delivered when the town was turned over to its proper owners must have been absurd. The Americans solemnly asserted that they had carefully protected everything, and the Chinese, with unconcealed sarcasm,

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replied that they were deeply obligated for the favor.

The American ——, Mr. X, and his wife were regarded as the luckiest buyers among the foreigners. They were very wealthy, and invested large sums, mostly for things bought at ridiculously low prices — as was quite possible at a time when most of the objects were still in the possession of individual soldiers. The latter had no idea of the value of their loot and did not dare to keep it in their own possession. This couple continued making purchases up to the time I left. They were well advised by a Mr. P——, who had lived forty years in China. Whenever I visited them, new articles were to be found in their drawing-room, mostly cloisonnés, porcelains, and red-lacquer wares. Mr. X personally told me that he had bought so much that his big residence in New York would not begin to hold his purchases. The newspapers criticized him severely, but he had good friends at home, and everything went smoothly.

A report by Major-General von Hoepfner, dated October 25, 1901, upon the condition of the Winter Palace previous to and at the time it was taken over by the Germans states: —

> Countless little national flags of both nations testified to the activities of the Americans and the English in the part of the city later turned over to the Germans; as did likewise English inscriptions upon the looted houses, and the fact that the Americans made several attempts after our occupation to secure possession of quantities of iron, coal, and railway material to which they falsely claimed title by virtue of ostensible bills of sale.

Indian troops — and with the exception of the artillery all the British troops were Indian — took it as a matter of course that the property of a defeated enemy should be looted. That used to be provided in the terms of surrender. If, as English officers assert, this is no longer the case, it is none the less admitted that the evil still exists. Their troops were ordered to take possession and bring in property without a claimant, in order that it might be sold later for the common profit of the soldiers. The depository for such goods in Peking was the English Embassy and the adjoining Imperial Wagon-yard. All the goods brought in were classified at this point and auctioned off. The amount of 'unowned' property thus discovered may be gathered from the fact that the auctions lasted between six or seven weeks, and there were many other special sales later. In fact, during my own presence in Peking, two months after the city was captured, such auctions were of frequent occurrence. It was good business practice not to hasten these sales, because every day brought a host of new buyers to the city. They came from Shanghai, Tientsin, Japan, and later even from the United States. I saw with my own eyes regular detachments of Indian soldiers arrive at the Embassy loaded with loot and deliver the property to Sir Claude Macdonald, the English Ambassador, or General Gaslee, the commander of the English contingent.

At these auctions you could buy anything that China produced — porcelains, cloisonnés, bronzes, red-lacquer wares, furs, silks (mostly in bales), embroideries, clocks, real pearls, precious stones, and various ornaments. One of the most eager buyers was Lady Macdonald, who took it exceedingly ill if anybody ventured to bid against her. She bought vast quantities of treasures, naturally at ridiculously low prices. An undated report of our Chief Quartermaster, Major-General Freiherr von Gayl, says: 'The departure of the Russian troops from Petchili brought to light astounding quantities of luggage, as did also the departure of

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the late English Ambassador from Peking.'

These auctions were regularly advertised and published. Chinese were frequently bidders — it was rumored for the purpose of getting back their own property. I must make it plain that such sales were considered strictly regular and legal, though I often had the sad conviction that English hypocrisy knows no limits. The proceeds were regarded as a sort of prize money, and distributed to the British expeditionaries according to a sliding scale, which must have given the Commanding General a small fortune. Naturally all the loot was not turned into the common stock. For a long period you would meet on the streets Indian soldiers who had articles to sell.

When the English and Italians occupied the Summer Palace, they had all the objects of value in their respective parts of the building gathered in a great room and put under guard. But a mere glance revealed the fact that this was only part of the original contents. The Russians had already got away with the best. I do not know what became of this property, but fancy it could now be found in England. Whenever it was to their advantage, the English appealed to my authority as supreme commander. They twice asked me for permits to remove the articles in question. I naturally replied that in this matter they must follow instructions from their home Government. I could not refrain from suggesting that they would please the Russians by taking these things, since what was left was of comparatively trivial worth.

I am convinced, therefore, that the English troops were on the search for articles of value during the whole time that I was in Peking. They were particularly interested in bronzes, and got possession of a great number of Buddhas, which they found at temples in Peking and elsewhere. The Chinese authorities complained of this to me. I was able to convince myself that all the life-size bronze Buddhas had been gradually carried off from a large temple near the English headquarters. In fact, a French officer called my attention to the fact. It was later proved that the firm of Arnold and Karberg in Tientsin had bought more than a thousand hundredweight of bronze Buddhas from the English, and that several freight cars loaded with Buddhas had been unloaded at a large warehouse in Tonga. I had further information as to the fate of these Buddhas from a Dr. Müller, who was making purchases in China for the Berlin Anthropological Museum. He was highly indignant over the practices of the English. Buddhas were not taken for their historical or artistic value, but merely on account of their metal. They did not go to museums but to foundries.

Of all the plunderers, the Russians were the frankest and most brutal. They delighted not merely in plundering but also in destroying. Not only did they plunder on private account, but also officially. They were particularly keen for the art objects that were so abundant in the Summer and Winter Palaces, and in the private palaces under Russian protection. Whole wagon-trains of these objects were shipped to Tungchow, where they were transshipped to Pei-ho river-boats. We were told frankly that these articles were going to Port Arthur to be placed in an East Asiatic Museum projected by Admiral Alexeiev.

When the Russian troops were about to withdraw from Tonga to Port Arthur, and it was rumored that the Russian authorities in the latter city had received strict instructions to collect duties upon these goods, the Russian soldiers offered great quantities of

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loot for sale at ridiculous prices, and there was a boom in the curio trade at Tientsin. I personally saw what the Russians left behind at the Summer and Winter Palaces, and could form some opinion from that of what they had taken away. The evacuation of the two palaces occurred somewhat sooner than was anticipated, so that they could not carry off everything that they had prepared to seize. This was shown by the fact that all articles had been inventoried and tagged with European numbers. In order to palliate their own offense, the Russians were accustomed to invite every visitor — whether diplomat, army officer, commercial traveler, or press correspondent — who came to learn the secrets of the Imperial residences, to accept a little souvenir of the occasion. Furthermore, the Russians took the remarkable precaution of evacuating the Palaces twenty-four hours earlier than had been agreed upon, so that the Chinese had a free run of them. Naturally they later attributed the losses to the plundering of the latter.

The Italians packed up and shipped off everything they could lay hands on in the portion of the Summer Palace that they occupied. I myself saw great rows of packing-cases standing there. For fear of offending public opinion, they did not venture to ship these things home immediately, and great groups of Buddhas and bronze lions, and hundreds of cases of goods, were still stored at their Embassy as late as the summer of 1902. Altogether they carried off a great deal from Peking and vicinity. I often saw personally columns of eight or ten laden wagons entering their Embassy.

The French looted freely, with the encouragement of General Frey. Most of the larger objects of value were in the great temple-compounds where General Frey had his headquarters, close to the Winter Palace, and were shipped to France in packing-cases from that point. However, this aroused such criticism in the Chamber of Deputies that the things were sent back. I actually saw much such property returned and unpacked in the temple north of Coal Hill. But evil report has it that the greater part remained in France. In the summer of 1902 many articles were still stored in the French Embassy, among other things the astronomical instruments. I noticed when I called on General Boyron, the commander of the French contingent, that his quarters were often adorned with new art-objects.

Some of the loot was delivered to Bishop Favier to compensate him and his converts for their own fearful losses. Favier sold these articles little by little. I personally bought a number of furs from him at a very low price.

When General Boyron arrived in Peking he established himself in a group of buildings close to the Winter Palace and requested General Hoepfner to turn over to him the Old Cathedral with its annexes, which had hitherto been occupied by German troops. Hoepfner complied, and incidentally delivered to the French, I fancy without knowing it, great quantities of beautiful art-objects that had been collected at the Cathedral, among other things the gifts that had been sent to the Empress from all parts of the Empire at the time of her jubilee. The building seems also to have served as a furniture storehouse, for it contained a great quantity of beautiful carpets.

Pierre Loti asserts that all these articles were removed to a temple — without giving any reason for it — and later returned to the Chinese. Had that been the plan, they might have been left where they were. Personally I believe they are now in France.

Chinese participated in much of the

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robbery and plundering. Chinese officials stole right and left, especially in the Palaces, and naturally tried to put the blame upon the foreign troops. European and American curio-buyers also played a great rôle. Vast quantities of stolen property fell into the hands of the Chinese and were sold by them to soldiers. But most of the loot acquired by the latter was stolen offhand. The Chinese were exceedingly skillful in hiding things; and it is natural to hide property dishonestly acquired. You never would find much for sale at the shops of the regular dealers, but as soon as the few articles they had on display were disposed of, others immediately took their places. The peddlers who brought things to sell to Europeans never had more than one or two objects in their possession, but they always had a new supply the following day. Much loot was buried or hidden away in the subterranean passages so numerous in Peking.

When the foreign troops evacuated the city and turned over the control of affairs to the Chinese police, a vigorous search was made for stolen property, especially that taken from the Palaces. This resulted in numerous executions. After the Imperial Court returned, many of these articles came to light; for rich Chinamen bought up the plunder from the Palaces, with the purpose of winning the gratitude of Her Majesty by presenting it to her when she returned.

TURKEY GOES DRY

BY M. P. GENTIZON

[*Turkey's determination to prohibit the liquor traffic in the Land of the Crescent has been one of the obstacles to a speedier settlement of diplomatic difficulties between France and that country.*]

From *Figaro, April* 28
(French Radical Daily)

The melancholy results of prohibition in the United States have not daunted the Nationalists of Angora. A law prohibiting the manufacture, importation, sale, and consumption of all alcoholic drinks is already in force in Anatolia, and will soon be applied in Constantinople. Persons detected drinking in public, or in a state of intoxication, will be punished by flogging or by a fine of fifty to one hundred Turkish pounds. The Cabinet is drafting regulations controlling the use of alcohol in medicines.

Thus the dark campaign against the 'bottle divine' is encircling our planet. The ancient East copies the New World. Angora follows in the footsteps of Washington. Is this mirth-destroying cobweb of prohibition to be spun around the whole globe? The evil is spreading. It has struck root in America and in Asia; and to-morrow its tentacles will have embraced one corner of Europe — Constantinople. The great and ancient metropolis of the Bosporus will be the first dry city of our old continent.

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This is a peril that strikes at us. It maims one source of our national wealth — the exportation of our fine old wines. If we are to meet successfully this danger that adds to our present complications in the Orient, we must understand its causes.

What are the arguments that induced the legislators of Angora to vote for prohibition? I have asked many Turks that question. Not one of them ascribed the law primarily to the fact that alcoholic drinks are forbidden by the Koran. The Government of Mustapha Kemal has not hesitated to disregard many religious and social traditions even more dear than that one to the hearts of the Turkish people. Why, then, has it gone out of its way to enforce a strict interpretation of the Koran on a point of minor importance in the doctrine of the Prophet?

In fact, the Government has been moved by considerations of a quite mundane nature. The use of alcohol, especially of the local spirits known as mastic and raki, has been increasing rapidly in Turkey since the beginning of the war. Edmond de Amicis once said that if Turkey were to be plunged in darkness, and the light were to reappear suddenly an hour later, thousands of Turks would be surprised with a bottle at their lips.

Probably the number would be much larger to-day than when he wrote. The masses of the people still live in a primitive way.

The abuse of liquor has resulted in many violent crimes, ranging from cattle-stealing to the abduction of women. One motive of the law, therefore, is to restore law and order. In the second place, the manufacture and sale of wine and alcohol were almost entirely in the hands of Greeks, and patriotic prejudice was easily aroused against the trade.

So the religious argument played little part in this legislation. Mohammed did not change water into wine, and Islam forbids the use of alcohol. The Koran was written in a country whose hot climate renders the use of fermented liquors harmful. But the total abstinence demanded by the Prophet has never been rigorously observed by Mohammedans living in more northern latitudes. Furthermore every creed is wont to construe liberally many commands of Heaven. The old Turks, who were expert casuists, rechristened champagne 'French lemonade.' The Koran never mentions alcohol in general, but only wine. There is even a verse that says: —

> Here is a picture of Paradise, which has been promised to pious men: rivers where the water never wanes, rivers of milk that are always fresh, rivers of wine delicious to those who drink from them.

Let me add that the Angora statute explicitly allows the use of fermented drinks in case of illness, but at the same time prescribes flogging as a punishment for drunkenness.

A wise hadji, a professor at the University of Stamboul, explained the commands of the Koran to me as follows: 'Our religion categorically forbids the use of alcohol. It is true that the Koran speaks only of wine. But in the days of the Prophet distilled liquors were not known. The word "alcohol," though of Arab origin, at that time was not part of the literary language. The Koran, as interpreted by modern scholars, forbids the use of any substance that produces intoxication. Wine and spirits may be employed when prescribed as a remedy by a responsible physician, or where there is imminent danger of death — for instance, where no other beverage is available, in a case of urgent need, or where a Mohammedan is forced to drink under threat of death, as frequently occurred during the Crusades.

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The Koran does not itself prescribe flogging; but an inspired religious code that we observe mentions flogging on the soles of the feet, without specifying the number of strokes. That is left to the judges to determine. This disgraceful punishment is inflicted in order to impress vividly upon our fellow believers the evil of drunkenness. We are not as delicate in such matters as you Europeans. When it comes to teaching a moral lesson, we do not shrink from using force.'

Turning to historical examples, many sultans have used force vigorously, to discourage the consumption of alcoholic liquors. Mohammed III denounced this as 'an abomination suggested by the Devil.' Ahmed I ordered all drinking-places destroyed, and sacked every cellar in Stamboul. Murad IV marched through the city followed by an executioner, and promptly decapitated every man whose breath smelled of wine. On the other hand, many pashas have been hard drinkers. Edmond de Amicis, whom we have already quoted, wrote that the nation whose religion forbade the use of alcohol was perhaps the most noted in Europe for royal drunkenness. Bajazet I was a lover of Tokay; Bajazet II was intoxicated three days in succession; Solyman I died a drunkard, killed by an archer; and during the reign of Selim II, nicknamed 'The Drunkard,' the sale and consumption of fermented liquors was freely permitted. Men of the mosque drank openly until the accession of Murad III, who restored the old prohibition.

So the decision of the Angora Parliament is not an innovation. Alcoholic drinks have been alternately permitted and forbidden in Turkey. A Persian poet has apostrophized wine, coffee, and tobacco, as 'the three cushions of the divan of pleasure.' So we may look forward to a time when the doctrines of Angora may become gentler, and Parliament may repeal its interdict upon the beverage of Noah.

THE SERAJEVO MURDER

BY PRINCE VLADIMIR GHIKA

From *La Revue Universelle, April* 15
(Political and Literary Fortnightly)

On the fifteenth of May, 1914, *forty-three days before the crime at Serajevo,* the Rumanian minister at Rome received from Herr von Flotow, the German ambassador at the Quirinal, some confidences which were, at the very least, rather curious and confirmed certain alarming signs already noted in his diplomatic reports. The scene, perhaps purposely, was the last place in the world for communications of this kind — a corner of the grand stand at the races. The affair was all the more remarkable because the ambassador gave evidence of the greatest personal cordiality towards his Rumanian colleague, an attitude which the friendly relations of the two countries could only fortify. Herr von Flotow was well known for his reserve

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and his tact: all his movements testify to his prudence, and he made no overtures without previous calculation.

Herr von Flotow's confidences tended to show: first, a very exact and definite decision for a readjustment of Eastern Europe, which was inevitable sooner or later, even at the price of a general conflagration; second, a decision already agreed upon as to the lot of Serbia, which was considered unacceptable in its existing state, as much for the security of Hungary as for the politics of Central Europe; third, the existence of an entente already arranged with Bulgaria, which the loan floated in Germany through the good offices of the ambassador already indicated to the least prophetic eye; fourth, the fact which — upon a remark by his companion that Greece was already more linked with Serbia than with Rumania — Herr von Flotow permitted to be understood, namely, that the Central Empires had cause to be satisfied with Greece and could count on the inefficaciousness of the Greco-Serbian military agreement; fifth, the indication of an accord duly arrived at with Turkey; and sixth, a summons, more or less veiled, to Rumania to take sides and to do so quickly.

The impression that resulted from this conversation and the attitude of the ambassador, coming after a series of similar acts, was such that the Rumanian minister let it be known at Bucharest what grave decisions, hidden manœuvres, and terrible to-morrows he suspected beneath what had been confided to him.

More than a month before the crime at Serajevo, then, this written proof of Austro-German planning of the war, with all that it contained regarding previous arrangements in Near Eastern politics, was placed in the archives of the Rumanian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Between May 31 and June 13, after a new conversation with Herr von Flotow, a new report was sent, insisting upon the probability of a general war, necessary for the readjustment of Balkan affairs, and showing that Germany — uneasy over one point alone — wanted to make sure to what extent Rumania could be useful in hampering the movements of the Russian army in case of an armed conflict between Russian forces and those of Germany and Austria.

'The ambassador,' it said, 'feels that our country should be induced to take a definite stand within a short time, so that Berlin may know what attitude to assume toward us.'

From June 7 to June 20, some days before the crime, Herr von Flotow became still more pressing, and manifested a fear that in case of a conflict with Russia, Rumania might abandon the Central Empires, to which, as Berlin knew, nothing bound her but a secret moral engagement of the sovereign — an engagement of purely eventual value and established as a codicil to Italy's accession to the purely defensive agreement of the Triple Alliance. He also showed fear lest she might 'range herself on the side of Russia, either by a menacing neutrality or by effective coöperation.'

All these encounters, I repeat, took place prior to the crime at Serajevo, a crime which, it was pretended, was the occasion of the conflict: Bulgarian, Greek, and Turkish agreements, hints of the fate that awaited Serbia, efforts to sound the attitude of Rumania, the immediate probability of a great war, assignment of rôles, veiled summonses to take sides speedily. And the leitmotif: 'It is impossible that you should stay on the Serbians' side.' Then, sotto voce, 'Look here, you can't be *against us!*'

In all this it certainly seems the best

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hypothesis to hold that the assassination of the archduke was only the blessed incident which, by furnishing an incomparable moral basis for their operations and by suppressing an obstacle, permitted them to hurry matters along.

Other acts which each day heightened the apprehension of the Central Empires and made them wish for a brusque and salutary intervention, must also be discussed: the Albanian difficulties, which disturbed the relations between the diplomatic cronies; the Serbian Concordat, breaking down the barrier between the Serbs and the Croats; the effects of the Treaty of Bucharest on the Balkan Peninsula, a new check for the Triple Alliance, after the double check of the two wars in the Near East; the interview at Constantza, between the Tsar and King Charles of Rumania, the projects for Russian marriages, the Abbazia and Konopischt deceptions — such events urged them to hurry up matters.

After initial plans were laid, it seems that it was at first desired to find pretexts in an attack and some Bulgarian insurrections in Macedonia. But the archduke, who for some time had had no fear of compromising himself in the eyes of his German and Hungarian adversaries, was about to present new views of his own, and his trip into the Yugoslav country turned attention thither. From the beginning, it was known throughout the whole Austro-Hungarian monarchy that the archduke was going to visit Bosnia and Herzegovina, and a thousand preparations were made well in advance to give the trip great publicity. In fact it was designed, not only to reassure those spirits which had been disturbed by the conflicts in the Near East, but to bring to light the marvels which had been accomplished by the Austrian administration in these new provinces, and to demonstrate at the same time the devotion of the people to the dynasty. Then suddenly, here and there, in journals duly inspired by Herr von Tschirsky, the German Ambassador, and in some others which may have been more spontaneously hostile to the policies or person of the archduke, there appeared astonishing news. The authorities in Bosnia and Herzegovina had found serious indications of a plot against the life of the archduke, and it was desirable to put off the proposed journey. With remarkable persistence, vague rumors were spread everywhere.

The archduke himself knew of them. From a reliable source we learn that he took these counsels very ill: 'They want to keep me from going over there,' he said. 'It's always the same little trick, which consists in making out that the Slavs are demons.' Thereupon bittersweet recriminations passed between the Pan-German press and the military chancellory of the Empire, at the direction of the archduke.

But the date of the trip approached. Had the authorities received more certain information? Was suspense to continue with regard to the suspicions expressed by the archduke as to the manœuvres of his German and Magyar opponents? Would it be insisted, from motives of amour propre, that the life of the prince was still in danger, and that he should give up his journey or, if not that, at least put it off?

After all the tumult, silence followed. It seems to have been enough to have registered, with sufficient exactness and in a reliable press, the rumor of the plot, so as to have, later on, printed proof of 'prevision,' and so that one could definitely set the date by that.

The archduke set out for Serajevo and Monastir. He began his tour, and straightway the double attempt at the crime followed, first the bomb which

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missed him, and then the revolver which slew him and his wife. In Austria and, one may say, everywhere else one would suppose that after this atrocious crime the authorities responsible would devote themselves, in the press, through their agents, in their own speeches, to proving the singleness of their zeal, the extent and the perfection of the precautions which they had taken.

Now, just what does one find? A lot of people preoccupied, before everything else, with creating belief in the reality of the plot even to the point of forgetting themselves and losing sight of the duties of their offices, concerned only to find fault with the imprudence of the archduke and the villainy of those unworthy favorites of his, the Slavs. What did the governor of the province do, the man responsible for maintaining order, the military chief in charge of a strong police-force? What did Feldzeugmeister Potiorek do, the former assistant chief-of-staff — note that detail — of General Beck, detached by the archduke at the time of the crisis in the staff and charged with the government of Bosnia and Herzegovina? Did he hasten to cry out to the world that he had done his duty and more too? He did not dream of it. But officially, in his journal, he announced to Europe that the immense plot directed against Francis Ferdinand had led to the placing of bombs, even in his own dining-room, and that a clockwork infernal machine was found installed under the table where the great official dinner was to have taken place. He talked about some fifteen machines of this sort found in the immediate neighborhood. He added that 'bombs have been found in several places under the railway line.' These scarcely resemble the arguments instinctively employed by an official who may be charged with professional laxity. The governor, far from minimizing matters to save his face, rather emphasized them. One stands amazed before this stupefying apotheosis of incapacity, almost heroic in the sacrifice which it implies to an unavowed goal.

Yet was it not essential that Europe should know forthwith that there was a Serbian plot, definite, undeniable, measureless? Had it not been announced since April, 1914, in print? Had not efforts been made to restrain the archduke? Was there not such an appalling conspiracy that all Bosnia was a field of bombs — all strangely posthumous, it is true?

And see how suddenly the testimony of the dead man arose to complete this series of suspicious phenomena. During the first days of confusion which followed the assassination, and before a word of the diplomatic order could unify in a way to accord with policy the versions and the interpretations of the agents accredited by the Central Empires, a Hungarian diplomat, returning after leave to his post as counsellor of the embassy in a European capital, naïvely recounted the following amazing story, the significance of which at that time escaped him, and which he related with unconscious fidelity as one which he had picked up in Budapest.

After the first attempt — the bomb hurled by the son of a former police official — after the cortège of automobiles had driven at full speed to the mayor of Serajevo, and while the archduke, very much disturbed, was mounting the steps at the side of his wife, a distinguished personage among his intimates dashed up to him to say, 'Your Highness, they have just arrested the man guilty of the attempt.'

Then the archduke, turning, replied in a voice that trembled with anger: '*Hang him quick, or else, before evening, he will have received a silver medal for valor from Vienna!*'

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A tragic tale, almost Shakespearean, which the unfortunate Hungarian diplomat reported at that time with disarming ingenuousness, but which he was soon to regret bitterly, though too late.

With regard to the effect which the Serajevo drama produced in circles where the Teuton and Magyar element was dominant, there were some interesting remarks to be heard. To speak of nothing but what I have seen myself, I may say that in the German and Austro-Hungarian colonies of Bucharest the thing was received in general with satisfied tranquillity and almost with triumph. On the second day after the crime, a high German personage gave a semiofficial banquet of forty covers, where a highly significant gayety reigned; no one even thought of countermanding or postponing it. According to information given me at the time, I may add that in the provinces, especially in Little Wallachia, at Craiova, unrestrained joy was displayed in the same circles.

How did the principal actor in the great drama which was to set the world a-bleeding receive the tragic news? Or at least what attitude did he believe he ought to take in the presence of an important witness who was then his guest at Potsdam?

On that evening, according to custom, Prince Carol of Rumania and the general officer attached to his person had been invited to the imperial table, in the strict intimacy of the family. Prince Carol had been the object of especial marks of affection on the part of the Kaiser, as much through the latter's natural liking for the Prince as through political calculation. He tried to influence and to charm, both at the same time, the future king of a land which was very important in the scheme of German politics. He desired, moreover, to be agreeable to King Charles, the arbiter of the east of Europe. So he had treated the Prince like a child of his own house.

Upon the Prince's entrance into the first regiment of the Guard, he spared him the excessive proof of good-fellowship, causing only a single bottle of champagne to be poured into the giant goblet which every new officer must drain at a gulp, instead of the four or five prescribed by custom. This delicate attention — contrary to use and very much commented upon — had been followed by the attentions of a father. The Prince, as well as the General, was frequently invited to dinner at the castle at Potsdam, when the Emperor himself did not come to mess with the officers of the first regiment of the Guard, of which he was colonel.

On the evening when the tragic news spread through the world, the two guests, upon entering, perceived the Emperor standing with his back to the window with a sombre, preoccupied air. He let them approach without making a movement and then brusquely advanced, and after a quick shake of his fist cried in a voice of irritation: 'Well, what can you say to an act like this? It is unheard-of. You can't live any more with canaille like that!'

And, replying to the astonishment and curiosity of his interlocutors, 'I'm talking about those Serbians who have assassinated the archduke and his wife.'

Then immediately he added with violence: 'It is n't enough for them to kill their own sovereigns — they must strike at those of others. It is no longer tolerable. Europe ought to put those dirty beasts where they can't do any harm. Measures will have to be taken!'

The dinner was a sinister affair. The Emperor ate with his head lowered, in

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a silence which he emphasized with curious glances and which he broke only to exchange with the Empress a few recollections of the archduke and his 'poor dear children,' on 'that very last stay at Konopischt,' and about 'that happy family life,' 'their lovely flowers,' 'the calmness of their life,' and 'all that finished, crushed, destroyed in two minutes by the bullets of a savage!'

After dinner the atmosphere became still more depressing. The Emperor went and sat down on the billiard table, arms and legs swinging, his head bent. He uttered no more than a word and let only a few muffled exclamations escape him from time to time. The evening dragged on painfully, after this fashion, with all the conversation in a low tone between the Empress, the three of her sons who were present, and the two guests. At last the Empress approached William, and took his right hand, caressing it tenderly; but he broke away abruptly and seemed to want to say: 'Let me alone! This is no place for a woman's coaxing.' After this the Empress fell into a deep reverie and withdrew. The three sons, following their custom, kissed the hand of their father. The Emperor, instead of replying as usual by a gesture or a kindly word, seemed indifferent to what was going on around him, as if he were not there.

The two guests remained alone with the Emperor. The General made a sign to the Prince to make his farewells. Only then did William seem to rouse from his dream: 'Are you going, my son? Good night! It's a sad evening for you, for all of us. I am just starting by sea for Norway. Each year it has been my best time for rest and vacation. This time it is spoiled, and all because of that Serbian nastiness. But they shall make me amends for that. They must pay!' His tone, his air, his attitude — everything was singularly menacing.

When he had reached his own apartment, the General wrote to King Charles his impression: '*This means war.*' Upon receipt of the letter in the morning, the King set out by motor, without aid-de-camp, for Derestye, near Brasov, where the Rumanian minister to Berlin was then at a country place.

Finding the minister in his bath, the King ordered him to break off his leave and return to his post that same day. The diplomat complied at once, though with a bad grace, for to him these fears seemed groundless. On the other hand, it was the opinion of the General that the Emperor had proceeded to set the stage cleverly, that before embarking on his cruise he had determined his line of conduct, and that in consequence he had caused the first measures to be taken for the mobilization of his armies.

Immediately after the assassination — always judging by the information which the Rumanian minister at Rome received and transmitted — the Austro-German designs grew more definite, increased, grew more pressing, while the inexorable ultimatum was being prepared, the terms of which were to be such that they could have no other issue than the one which it was desired to impose.

After July 20, it was known in Rome that Germany declared she had neither desire nor ability to serve as a check upon the 'belligerent intentions of Austria.' The conversations with the German ambassador, which were without any doubt reproduced elsewhere, whether with other representatives of Rumania or in conversations at Bucharest itself, took on an aspect which was still cordial, but categorical.

On the other side, the liveliest uneasiness reigned in Italian govern-

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mental circles. In two attempts, on July 20 and 22, at the last minute, the Marquis de San Giuliano tried in vain to make the King of Rumania play a part which he had already played of his own accord with an ephemeral success at the time of the Strat mission on the eve of the War of 1870; suggesting on the twentieth that he should intervene in Vienna to delay the catastrophe which was known to be inevitable; and then, on the twenty-second, urging him to implore Serbia *in extremis* to accept everything, for fear of worse evils, a step which might be well received, coming from one of her most loyal brothers-in-arms.

Previously, in his dispatch of the twenty-ninth, the Rumanian minister noted again the very precise affirmations of the German minister with regard to the fatal check of the pourparlers of London, the projected march of the Bulgarians to recover Macedonia, the eventuality of a general war, the rôle which Rumania ought to play at this decisive turning-point, where it was necessary to choose between Germany or Russia without any other alternative save a greatly diminished position.

What did Germany offer at first for eventual Rumanian coöperation? Guaranty of the integrity of frontiers, including the southern border as fixed by the Treaty of Bucharest. In the face of the effect produced by so absurd and unconsciously insulting a declaration, some vague phrases were added relative to territorial acquisitions, the possibility of which, though without any precision, was permitted to appear.

The conference of the following day was a direct assault, a kind of compulsion.

'The moment is so grave,' said the ambassador, 'that Rumania ought to take sides. She must pronounce without circumlocution either for Russia or Germany.' Herr von Flotow then had the unfortunate idea of recurring to the guaranty of the southern frontier. He was understood to say definitely that 'for the guaranty of acquired frontiers, Rumania trusted to her own right, to her own means, and to her arms if necessary.' The Rumanian diplomat emphasized a marked difference in attitude: 'Herr von Flotow appeared persuaded of the military superiority and of the success of the Central Empires against the French and Russians. That assurance contrasts with the cruel uneasiness of the representatives of the Triple Entente.'

The inevitable decision at length made its appearance. All was ready. The German diplomatic personnel was 'very calm; and the certainty which it permitted to appear, taken in connection with something which appeared in spite of it (a suspicion of deception when the news seemed to indicate a recoil in the warlike dispositions of Russia), never ceased to be impressive.'

A few hours yet and the step was finally taken. All that was desired had been secured from the body of the archduke. The stroke had succeeded.

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SOLDIERS OF CHINA'S CHRISTIAN GENERAL

BY A CHINA CORRESPONDENT

[*A correspondent of the* Peking and Tientsin Times *gives in that journal an interesting account of the condition of the army under General Feng Yu-hsiang, the well-known Christian officer, whom he recently visited. We learn therefrom that General Feng's army consists of the XIth Division and two mixed brigades, all stationed at Nan Yuan, and a mixed brigade at Tungchow. The XIth Division is one of the best in the Chinese army and was chiefly responsible for the defeat of Chang Tso-lin's army at Chang-hsin-tien in May 1922. General Feng is a supporter of the Chihli Party and a henchman of Wu Pei-fu. The article suggests that, in spite of sensational accounts to the contrary, all is not banditry and anarchy in China.*]

From the *Herald of Asia, April* 21
(Japanese English-Language Liberal Weekly)

The number of troops on parade, owing to a combination of unforeseen circumstances, was limited to one *ying* (battalion) of the 22nd Infantry Brigade, and they were dismissed after some ten minutes, during which time they performed some purely parade-ground movements. As is usual with well-trained Chinese troops, these were very creditably carried out, the handling of the arms, dressing, and marching being extremely smart and soldier-like. The men were very evenly matched as regards height, averaging some five feet six inches or five feet seven inches, well set up and sturdy. I saw no immature boys in the ranks — a common phenomenon in the average Chinese Division.

They were clad in the universal Chinese blue-gray uniform, carried a rolled greatcoat over the right shoulder, water-bottle, entrenching-spade, bayonet and frog, and two linen bandoleers containing seventy-five rounds of ammunition each. Footgear consisted of light canvas boots with leather soles. The only two points to notice out of the common were that each man carried an entrenching-spade — usually only the front rank do so — and that the footgear was standardized and not, as is usual, left to individual taste.

Following the dismissal of the parade we were invited to inspect some barrack-rooms. Those that we saw were clean, but lacking in all but absolute necessaries. Each room was occupied by a *p'eng*, or a section, which consists of a sergeant, a corporal and twelve privates. The rooms were large and could easily have accommodated double the number. Of furniture there was none; the whole section slept together on a raised brick platform, covered with straw and a clean white sheet. There were no blankets, the men making use of their greatcoats. Straw pillows were provided, and each man had a piece of calico in which to wrap his simple belongings.

Beyond this the brick-floored rooms were innocent of any adornment, if the mural decorations are excepted. These were sufficiently interesting to merit a few words. Every room had a map of China, as she was some one hundred years ago and before her territory had been encroached on by foreign nations. Those portions of the Empire which had been lost — Korea, Formosa, French Indo-China — were colored a vivid crimson. In addition there were numerous colored prints with Chinese and English inscriptions. Some of these

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prints represented Biblical subjects, others consisted of pictures exhorting the men as to the manner of their lives. Thrift was a favorite subject, and exhortations to 'Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can,' and that 'Thrift makes for happiness' were everywhere to be seen.

Attached to the barrack-rooms were classrooms where ordinary and military subjects are taught. General Feng insists that every soldier shall be able to read his own language, and in the classrooms which I saw men were being taught to recognize everyday Chinese characters.

Cookhouses were attached to the barrack-rooms, each kitchen cooking for a *lien*, or company of one hundred and twenty-five men. The cookhouses, while extremely primitive, were, like all the buildings I saw, kept extremely clean. The food provided is as simple as it well can be, consisting of rice, millet, and cabbage or other vegetables. Meat is rarely on the menu, owing to shortage of funds. The President of the Republic visited the barracks some few months ago and was so struck and pleased with what he saw that he presented General Feng with a gift of $10,000 to purchase pork for the soldiers. The resulting feast is still a landmark in their lives and spoken of in terms of ecstacy.

We were next invited to visit the 'factories' or workshops, and this proved to be the most interesting event of the day's programme. General Feng, with rare foresight, has evolved a scheme whereby his men are, as far as possible, taught some trade so that when the time comes for them to leave the army they will be able to earn their own living. During the first three years of their service, however, young soldiers confine their studies to learning how to read and write their own language and to military subjects; in ensuing years they are taught a trade.

The scheme is that, as far as possible, each ying shall be taught a separate craft; thus there is a battalion of tailors, a battalion of boot-makers, a battalion of weavers, and so on. In the workshops we visited I saw men being trained as carpenters, weavers, tailors, boot- and shoe-makers, basket-makers, carpet-makers, and wool-carders, and there are other shops where men are taught to be blacksmiths and farriers. An interesting feature was that the junior officers also undergo this training, and it was an unusual sight, to a foreigner, to see a lieutenant seated at a hand loom, in the midst of his men, engaged in weaving cloth. A large proportion of the articles manufactured — tables, chairs, boots, uniforms — are made use of in the barracks. The remainder is sold, and a portion of the proceeds goes to the workers.

The system is in every way a most excellent one; it keeps the men interested and employed and teaches them to become skilled workmen. All the men I saw at work were contented and happy-looking, and appeared to take the greatest interest in their work.

Following our visit to the workshops we were given a gymnastic display. The gymnasts to the number of some two hundred to two hundred and fifty were all officers, for it is the rule that all officers of the rank of colonel and under shall take part in these exercises. Owing to the cold weather the display was only a short one, but we saw some excellent work on the horizontal bar, horse and parallel bars, as well as pole-jumping.

The last item on the programme was a visit to the female schools, and here we saw what must be an extremely rare sight in China — officers' wives and daughters being taught to read and write their own language.

General Feng is a devout Christian. I had a most interesting talk with one

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of the six native 'pastors' attached to the troops at Nan Yuan. According to this gentleman all of General Feng's officers and some half of the men are Christians. The religions which they profess are Church of England, Methodist, and Presbyterian. There are no Roman Catholics. It was an unusual experience to hear some of our well-known hymn-tunes, such as 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing,' 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' sung by Chinese soldiers, not for our edification but by men in barrack-rooms which we happened to be passing.

The officers of General Feng's Staff also indulged in a hymn before sitting down to the luncheon which they had provided in our honor.

General Feng Yu-hsiang's chief concern is for the betterment of his troops, physically, mentally, and morally. That he is a man of strong personality is shown by the fact that he has been able to bring his officers and men to adopt his own principles and conduct of life, for, following his example, not one of the 20,000—25,000 officers and men under his command indulges in alcohol or tobacco. That he is alive to modern ideas and ways of thinking is shown by his enlightened schemes for educating and training his officers and men in some useful trade. Finally, that he does not neglect the art of training his men for war is shown by the fact that in all operations in which his troops have been engaged in recent years — the operations against Ch'en Shu-fan in Shensi in 1921, against Chang Tso-lin in Chihli in 1922, and against the Honan bandits — they have invariably been victorious and, indeed, the deciding factor in the success of the campaign.

PLEASURES OF SILENCE

BY S. IKEDA

[*This article forms a chapter of a book of some note by a Japanese scholar, just published at Stuttgart under the title,* Weltbetrachtungen eines Japaners.]

From *Pester Lloyd, April 4*
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

ONCE upon a time there lived in Japan a priest named Ryokan. He was very poor and miserable and looked like a destitute beggar. One day a murderer escaped from prison, closely pursued by a judge and his bailiffs. Ryokan was walking down the street begging alms, as is the custom of Buddhist monks, when the bailiffs came upon him; and since he resembled the escaped murderer they promptly arrested him. He said that he was not the guilty party, but the officers did not believe him. He asserted his innocence only once, and then kept his peace. Thereupon he was condemned to death and the executioner had already raised the sword to behead him when a man ran up who knew him and who testified that he was Ryokan and

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not the murderer. Then he was released. Later people asked him why he did not protest his innocence more vigorously.

Ryokan answered: 'If a man suspects me of evil, he will not change his opinion because I assert my innocence.'

Another asked: 'But if they had beheaded you, would that not have been a vain death?'

Ryokan replied: 'The death of a good man is never vain. Men should not proclaim their innocence. They should not protest against whatever fate befalls them. See that flower by the hedgerow. Will the hot wind not have withered it by evening?'

Everyone in Japan is familiar with the little statues representing three monkeys, known as *Koshinzaru*. One monkey holds his hands over his eyes, the other over his ears, the third over his mouth. This signifies, to the Japanese, *nizaru, kikazaru, mono iwazaru* — 'See not, hear not, speak not.' The word *zaru* has a double meaning. It means either "monkey" or "not," and the little statues owe their existence to this play upon words. The saying, *nizaru, kikazaru, mono iwazaru*, is constantly in everybody's mouth, especially in reproving children. What one sees or hears should not be blurted out incontinently. Even if one wishes to say something, he should not let it slip out thoughtlessly, but should ponder it previously in his own mind. That has become the first rule of life for us Japanese. Foreigners may think we attach an exaggerated value to this quality.

At the Versailles Conference the Paris newspapers made fun of the 'ivory masks' of the Japanese delegates. When Secretary Hughes submitted an important proposal to the Japanese representatives at the Washington Conference, the other delegates and the pressmen looked intently at our emissaries, and an American newspaper described them as wearing 'death masks.' But we Japanese are taught from childhood to receive glad and sad tidings alike with impassive composure. It is as if we stood on a little island in the ocean unshaken by the great surf that beats upon it. This quality is drilled into us from childhood; the older we grow the more it becomes a second nature, and it finally makes our hearts as steadfast as stone. Little men, who let themselves be carried away by every gust of feeling and are excited to ejaculations of joy or pain, appear contemptible to us, and objects of scorn.

When Sakamoto Ryuma, the great Sumari of Tosa, who organized the league between the Satsuma and the Choshu clans against the Shogun, first visited Saigo Takamori, who enjoyed equal honor in our country, and was regarded as the Japanese Bismarck, the two men sat facing each other for a full hour without exchanging a word except the formal salutations of greeting and farewell. Later, when Sakamoto Ryuma returned home and informed his friends of his visit, he said: 'Saigo is certainly a most interesting person. I never enjoyed visiting anyone as much as visiting him.'

And Saigo likewise said to his friends: 'Sakamoto is really a wonderful person.'

This first meeting led to an intimate friendship between the two men, which lasted the remainder of their lives. Such a silent meeting is called in Japan 'a heart talk.' Men who do not know how to talk with their hearts are thought wanting in culture.

By the expression, 'enjoy one's self,' we understand to commune silently with one's own heart, to be in a condition of restful, beautiful, natural peace, to be filled with pure profound religious thoughts, to be plunged deeply in philosophical meditation, to stand in intimate intercourse with nature. This

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means to commune with nature, to become one with her, to identify one's self with nature like the blowing of the wind. But this does not require that a man be alone or sit motionless. One can labor or journey or abide in a great company while in this state. So, when you ask a Japanese where God is, he will answer: 'God is always with me,' or 'He held my hoe with me when I was working in the field.' Thereby the Japanese mean to say that they feel themselves individually, each for himself, completely identified with nature, and thereby rejoice in her and in themselves.

It is all-important for men again to learn to think seriously and profoundly, to know true living in its full meaning and significance — to live. No error is more gross and fatal than to imagine that the soul of man and that human society are to be saved by reforming and reorganizing the social system. The salvation of mankind is to be found solely and alone in healing and ennobling human thoughts and sentiments, in attuning the heart to nature and filling it with her deep seriousness. But the heart of man can only become serious and in attune with nature if each person habitually trains himself to think upon these profounder problems of life and its meaning and need. Until men have learned to ponder seriously the questions of love and of death, human society will continue to sink deeper in the mire. So long as our present superficial absorption in physical pleasures and material things continues, our statesmen and reformers will labor in vain to make men and human society healthy and happy.

Wealth and poverty, happiness and sorrow, war and peace, exist in our world. It is an unhappy dispensation of nature that all men cannot simultaneously live in the same manner, enjoy the same pleasures. But human society is full of inequalities. Men differ from each other, and as long as society exists these inequalities and differences will endure. No matter how ardently we may long for perpetual peace, it will never be possible to banish war from the world completely. We may conceive an ideal world in any form we desire, but the rude realities of existence do not permit such ideals to be attained. So our only recourse is to deal with the inequalities and differences that are found everywhere among men, in the privacy of our own hearts, so that no one shall cherish discontent and rebellion in his breast. That is the first step toward abolishing strife, and the first moral command for each of us.

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AN INTIMATE PICTURE OF PIERRE CURIE

BY MADAME CURIE

[Mme. Curie prefaces her article with the following autobiographical note: 'My name is Marie Sklodowska. My father and mother belonged to Polish and Catholic families. They were both professors in secondary schools at Warsaw, then a part of Russian Poland. I was born at Warsaw and completed my studies in the lycée there. Then I worked for a few years as a teacher, coming to Paris in 1892 in order to devote myself to scientific studies.']

From *La Revue Bleue, April 7*
(Paris Literary and Political Bimonthly)

The first time that I met Pierre Curie was in the spring of 1894 when I was living in Paris, where I had been studying for three years at the Sorbonne. I had passed my examinations in physics and I was preparing my mathematics. At the same time I had begun work at Professor Lippmann's research laboratories. A Polish physician who was a relative of mine, and who thought very highly of Pierre Curie, invited us both to spend the evening with him and his wife.

When I entered, Pierre Curie was standing in the embrasure of a bay window that opened on a balcony. He looked very young to me, though he was thirty-five years old. I was struck by his clear steady expression and by the light abandon of his tall figure. His rather slow and careful speech, his simplicity, his young and serious smile inspired confidence. A conversation started between us that soon became friendly. At first we talked of scientific questions, on which I was glad to ask for his opinion, and then our conversation veered to questions of social and humanitarian interest in which we were both concerned. In spite of the difference in our nationality, there was a surprising similarity between his conception of things and mine, due, no doubt, to a certain likeness in the moral atmospheres in which each of us had grown up with our families.

We met again at the Physics Club and at the laboratory, then he asked if he could call on me. At that time I was living in a room on the fifth floor of a house in the Écoles quarter, because my means were very limited.

I was very happy, though I had experienced at the age of twenty-five only the ardent desire — cherished for a long time afterward — to carry out very profound scientific studies. It was with a simple and sincere sympathy for my life of labor that Pierre Curie came to see me. Soon he got into the habit of talking to me about his dream of a life entirely consecrated to scientific research, and he asked me to share this existence with him. Nevertheless it was not easy to come to such a decision, because it meant separation from my family and my country and the renouncement of plans of social activity that were precious to me. Having grown up in an atmosphere of patriotism generated by the oppression exercised on Poland, I wanted, like many of my other young countrymen, to contribute my efforts to the conservation of the national spirit.

Things were in that state when I left Paris at the beginning of my vacation

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to visit my father in Poland. During this separation, our correspondence helped to strengthen the bond of affection that had begun to be established between us.

In the summer of 1894, Pierre Curie wrote me some letters that I think were entirely admirable. None of them was very long, because he had the habit of concise statement; but he had written all of them with the evident desire of explaining himself to the woman whom he, such as he was, desired for a companion. The style of his wording always seemed exceptionally good to me; no one was better able than he to describe a state of mind or a situation in a few words that called up a strikingly truthful picture by the simplest means. Through this gift he could, I believe, have been a great writer. It will be well to reproduce here some passages from those letters that showed how he viewed the event of his marriage.

'We have promised (is it not true?) to hold each other at least in great friendship. Provided you have not changed your mind! Because there are no promises that bind; events have no control over themselves. It would, however, be a beautiful thing, in which I dare not believe — to spend our lives near each other, hypnotized by our dreams: your patriotic dream, our humanitarian dream, our scientific dream. Of all these dreams only the last is, in my opinion, legitimate. By that I mean that we are unable to change our social state, and if this were not true we should never know what to do, and whatever we did we should never know whether we were doing good or harm in retarding some inevitable step in evolution. From a scientific point of view, on the other hand, we can pretend to accomplish something; there the ground is more solid and open; what little there is of it, is definitely acquired.

'I earnestly advise you to come back to Paris in the month of October. I should be very sorry if you did not return this year, but it is not through a friendly selfishness that I tell you to do so. I only think that you will work better here and that you will accomplish here more solid and useful labor.'

You can imagine from this letter that there was only one way for Pierre Curie to envisage his future. He had dedicated his life to his scientific dream; he needed a companion to live the same dream out with him. He often told me that he had not married until he was thirty-six because he did not believe in the possibility of a marriage that would conform to what was for him an absolute need.

At twenty-two years of age, he wrote in his journal: 'Women, much more than we, love life for the sake of living; women of genius are rare. Also, when we are impelled by some mystical love to long for a way of life that is not natural, when we devote all our thoughts to some task that sets us apart from the humanity that touches us at every point, we have to contend with women, and the fight is almost always unequal because it is in the name of life and of nature that they try to woo us back.'

On the other hand, you notice in the correspondence that was previously quoted the unquenchable confidence that he had in science and in its power for the general good of humanity; and it seems fair to compare this feeling with the well-known words of Pasteur: 'I believe invincibly that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war.'

This faith in scientific solutions made Pierre Curie not much inclined to take an active part in political life. Through education and through sentiment, he was attached to democratic and socialistic ideas, but he was not governed by

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any one doctrine. Moreover, he always fulfilled his obligations as an elector just as his father had done. In public as in private life he did not believe in the use of violence.

'What would you think,' he wrote to me, 'of someone who ran headfirst into a stone wall with the intention of breaking it down? This idea might be the result of fine sentiments, but it would be stupid and ridiculous just the same. I think that there is no justice in this world and that the strongest system — or at least the most economical — will prevail. Man is condemned to labor and even to live in misery. It is a revolting business, but it will not stop for that reason; it will probably disappear because man is a kind of machine, and there is an advantage from an economic point of view in making any machine function normally without being forced.'

He applied the same clearness and comprehension to his personal life that he did to general problems. Great loyalty to himself and to others made him suffer the compromises imposed by existence, although he reduced them to a minimum.

'We are all slaves of our affections, slaves of the prejudices that we love; at the same time we have to gain our livelihood and thus become a cog in a machine. The most deplorable concessions are those that we have to make to the prejudices of the society that surrounds us: we make more or less of these in proportion to our weakness or our strength. Whoever does not make enough is crushed. Here I am, far away from the principles that I held ten years ago. At that time I thought that you had to be excessive in everything and should not make any concessions to your surroundings. I thought that you had to exaggerate your defects as well as your virtues.'

Such were the opinions of the man who, without any fortune of his own, asked that he might associate his life with that of the student whom he had met.

At the end of the vacation, our friendly relations became more and more affectionate — each of us understanding that it would be impossible to find a better companion for existence. Our marriage was therefore decided upon and it took place on the twenty-fifth of July, 1895. In accordance with our common taste, the ceremony was reduced to a strict minimum; it was civil because Pierre Curie belonged to no cult and I was not practising any religious belief.

Our first quarters were very modest and consisted only of a little three-room lodging in the Rue de la Glacière, not far from the Physics School. Its chief merit was that it overlooked a vast garden. Our very limited stock of furniture consisted of things that had belonged to our parents. Our resources did not permit us to keep a servant, so I had to look after almost all the household duties as I had been used to doing in my student days.

Pierre Curie's salary as a professor was six thousand francs a year, and we tried to get along without his imposing any supplementary tasks on himself, especially at the beginning. On my own behalf, I undertook the preparation of a group of girls for an examination with the view of getting the teaching position that I was finally awarded in 1896. Our existence was entirely organized on the basis of our scientific work and our days were passed in the laboratory, where Schützenberger allowed me to work near my husband, who was engaged in a study of the growth of crystals that interested him very much.

He wanted to know whether the fact that certain faces of a crystal developed more than others was due to a different

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speed of growth or to a different degree of solubility. He quite soon obtained some interesting results that have not been published, but he had to interrupt this work to pursue his researches in radioactivity and he could never take them up again — a thing he often regretted. I was occupied at the same time in a study of the magnetization of tempered steel.

The preparation of his lectures at the school was an important matter to Pierre Curie. The chair had recently been established and no outline for his course was imposed on him. At first he divided his lessons between crystallography and electricity; then, recognizing more and more the usefulness of a serious theoretic course on electricity for the benefit of future engineers, he devoted himself entirely to this subject and succeeded in establishing a course of about a hundred and twenty lessons, which was the most complete and up-to-date then being given in Paris. All this required much effort, of which I was the daily witness. He was always careful to give a complete picture of the phenomena and of the evolution of his theories and ideas; he was also careful of the precision and clearness of his mode of exposition. He thought of publishing a treatise summing up this course, but he was so absorbed in a multiplicity of labors during the following years that he was unfortunately never able to put it into execution.

We lived in close unity and all our interests were shared in common: theoretic work, laboratory experience, preparation of courses or examinations. During eleven years we were almost never separated. It reached such a point that there exist only a few lines of correspondence between us in all this time. Our days of rest and our vacations were devoted to walking or bicycle rides, sometimes in the country around Paris, sometimes on the seacoast or in the mountains.

Later, when we had our child with us, we were led to spend our vacations in one place without traveling. Then we lived as simply as possible in retired villages where we could scarcely be distinguished from the natives. I remember the amazement of an American journalist who found us in Poldou at the moment when I was seated on the stone steps of our house shaking the sand out of my shoes. However, his perplexity did not last long; for, entering into the situation, he sat down beside me and began scribbling my replies to his questions in his notebook.

Our eldest daughter, Irène, came into the world in September 1897, and a few days after Pierre Curie suffered the loss of his mother. Doctor Curie then came to live with us in a house with a garden, situated in the fortifications of Paris at 108 Boulevard Kellerman, in the neighborhood of the park of Montsouris. It was there that Pierre Curie lived until the end of his life.

All preoccupation with social affairs was excluded from our existence. Pierre Curie had an unconquerable repugnance for obligations of this sort. He accepted no more invitations and kept up no more uninteresting contacts later in life than he did as a youth. Serious and quiet, he preferred to abandon himself to his reflections rather than to exchange commonplace remarks. He did, however, attach great importance to his relations with his childhood friends and with those people to whom he was joined by common scientific interest.

There were hardly ever any numerous gatherings in our house, because Pierre Curie did not like them. He was more at his ease in conversation with a few people and he rarely went to any meetings except those of scien-

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tific societies. If, by chance, he found that he had strayed into a place where general conversation could not interest him, he took refuge in a quiet corner and could forget the company by pursuing his own thoughts.

In 1899, Pierre Curie made a trip with me to Austrian Poland in the Carpathians, where one of my sisters, herself a physician, was married to Doctor Dluski and directed a large sanitarium with her husband. Through a touching desire to know everything that was dear to me, he wanted to learn Polish, although he knew very few foreign languages anyway, and although I had not advised him to take up this study, which would not be sufficiently useful to him. He had sincere sympathy for my country and believed in the reëstablishment of a free Poland in the future.

In our common life, it was granted me to know him as he wished to be known and to understand his point of view from day to day. He was all that I could have dreamed of at the time of our marriage and more. My admiration for his exceptional qualities constantly grew; they were on such a high and unusual level that he often seemed to me almost unique in his detachment from all the vanity and pettiness that one finds in one's self and in others, and that one judges indulgently, not without hoping for a more perfect ideal.

It was undoubtedly there that the secret of his infinite charm lay, which disengaged itself from him and to which one could hardly remain insensible. His thoughtful face and the clearness of his expression were extremely attractive. This impression was increased by his kindliness and his gentle character. He came to say that he did not feel combative and it was entirely true. You could not get involved in a dispute with him because he did not know how to lose his temper. 'I am not very strong at getting myself angry,' he said with a smile.

When he expressed his opinion he always did it frankly because he was convinced that diplomatic procedure was generally childish and that the direct path is both the simplest and the best. In this fashion he acquired a certain reputation for naïveté, but in reality he acted in this way by reflected desire more than by instinct. It is perhaps because he knew how to judge himself and to weigh himself that he was perfectly capable of lucidly appreciating the moves, the intentions, and the thoughts of others, and though he could overlook details he was seldom fundamentally mistaken. Most often he kept such sure judgment to himself, but he would expresss without reticence the decision that he had arrived at when he was certain of doing a useful action.

In scientific matters he had no bitterness and he did not let himself be influenced by self-esteem and personal prepossession. Any fine success pleased him, even if it was in a field where he reckoned on being superior. He said, 'What difference is there if I have not published the work as long as someone has?' He thought that in scientific matters you should be interested in things, not in persons. All ideas of rivalry were so distasteful to him that he even condemned them in the form of examinations or rankings in schools, as well as in the form of distinctions and honors. His advice and encouragement were never held back from those whom he believed apt at scientific work, and many of them hold him in high gratitude.

If his attitude was that of a superior person who had reached the highest level of civilization, his actions were those of a really good man, full of understanding and forbearance, who was endowed with a strong sympathy

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for human nature firmly founded on an intellectual basis. He was always disposed to aid anyone in a difficult situation and even to give of his time, which was the greatest sacrifice he could make.

What can be said of his love for his own people and his virtues as a friend? His friendship, which he gave rarely, was sure and faithful because it rested on common ideas and opinions. Even more rare was the gift of his affection, but how complete this gift was to his brother and to me! His customary reserve could give way to an abandon that allowed harmony and confidence to establish themselves. Let us allow him to explain how he gave himself.

'I am thinking of you who fill my life and I crave new faculties. It seems to me that in concentrating myself entirely upon you, as I have just done, I ought to be able to see you, to follow what you are doing, and also to make you feel that at this moment I am entirely yours; but I cannot catch the image.'

We had no reason to lay great faith in our health and our strength, which were often put to heavy tests. From time to time, as it happens to those who know the price of a life shared in common, fear of the irreparable tragedy touched us. Then his simple courage always led him to the inevitable conclusion: 'Whatever happens, and even if we are only bodies without souls, we must work just the same.'

THE RESTAURANT DES MOINEAUX

BY OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

From the *English Review, April*
(London Liberal Monthly)

Most of us who are not very rich are still looking out for the ideal restaurant. Personally, with one exception, about which I am now going to tell you, the pleasantest I know is on an island in the Lake of Xochimilco, where you get tamales and tortillas and — but Xochimilco is a very long way from the Restaurant des Moineaux.

Poor men's restaurants in London are honest, but, broadly speaking, they don't know how to cook. Poor men's restaurants in New York — if there are any poor men in New York — since Prohibition came in have descended in everything below the lowest level of the London tea-shop. Poor men's restaurants in Paris have gone off terribly since the war, and where they know how to cook they have also learned how to charge. There is, however, one restaurant, or group of restaurants, in Paris to which I think the veriest curmudgeon could take no exception. The surroundings are ideal, the decorations above criticism, the service courteous and efficient, the prices flatly derisory, the cuisine — but as to that you have only to see the appetites of the patrons. It is called the Restaurant des Moineaux and it has branches all over Paris.

The headquarters are close to the Louvre, but the branch establishments

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all conform, with minor variations, to one general scheme. The floors are covered with carpets of a restful green; the sun in summer is excluded by a cunning arrangement of green trellis-work which, swaying to and fro as though moved by an unseen hand, makes for a pleasant coolness, and in the winter can be gathered up and put out of sight.

The managers of these restaurants are invariably respectable old gentlemen who wear frock coats and ribbons in their buttonholes. The waiters and waitresses — for there are waitresses as well — are of mature years and unblemished reputations. The most frequent customers are little gentlemen — I have never seen one who could really be called big — with smart brown hats and drab coats, and smooth gray waistcoats and the neatest of legs. A curious thing about them is that they might all be members of some great secret society, so similar are their habits. That is to say, they enter through the swing doors by a series of hasty, jerky steps that can almost be called hops, with a quick nod to one side, a glance at the other, and another look behind. It is evident at once that they are men of business, always on the lookout, I am afraid, for the main chance, and in a desperate hurry to get through with their lunch and back to business again.

At one time, or so I suppose, the clientele was largely masculine. But with the growth of the suffrage movement — for there is a suffrage movement even in France — there are almost as many ladies as gentlemen among the lunchers. And these set a very good example to some other young business-ladies in Paris and London and New York, for they eschew all feminine adornments and ornaments, all suspicion of peekaboo blouses and imitation-pearl necklaces. They are as quietly dressed, indeed, as so many Quakers, and their businesslike correctness is in sharp contrast, unfortunately, to that of some of the gentlemen lunchers, who show an unhappy tendency toward quarreling over the best seats or the prompt service of their favorite waiter.

Sometimes even the peacefulness of the proceedings is marred by actual quarrels. Scarcely has one gentleman secured his seat than there will be a bite and a squeak and a scuffle, and another gentleman has flown at him — there is really no other word for it — and snatched away the dish which has just been set before him, and something like a general fracas has begun.

I forget if I mentioned that the name of the gentleman with the drab coat is Mr. Sparrow, and the select little restaurants are the pleasant little green gardens of Paris, and the waiters and waitresses are those pleasant humans who always have something in their pockets for hungry dickey birds.

Every big city, from Paris to Peking and from Mexico to Montreal, has its chosen type of public garden and is proud of it; but those of Paris are unique, less for what they are than for what they mean. For one thing, they are almost as much private gardens as public. To them the same small people — small human people I mean — come day after day, exactly as if they were their own private pleasances, and their nurses and their mothers occupy the same place on the same seats, exactly as if they had brought them with them — as sometimes, indeed, they do — and the same little typists eat their lunch — there is a sameness about that lunch very often, I fear — and the same old gentlemen and ladies, their pockets bulging with crumbs, display a rivalry that is almost acrimonious as to who shall have the largest acquaintance among the real proprietors and

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the faithful habitués of the Restaurant des Moineaux — Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sparrow.

They prefer to be known as Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sparrow, even in France, because the sparrow is the English bird all the world over — as they recognize publicly in New York — and whether you see him East or West, or North or South — whether he is quarreling with white bears at the Pole or bullying ostriches in the Sahara, or chasing Andean condors from their nests so that he may steal their eggs — he is the same imperturbable, heroic, disreputable, quarrelsome, bullying little Elizabethan cockney. He is not popular everywhere; in some countries, I grieve to think, he has even made himself disliked — but the British Empire has also its detractors!

Babies may grow up and little typists become, let us hope, princesses, and old gentlemen slip away to feed birds of Paradise instead of sparrows, but still the little Englishmen in their smart drab coats and their smooth gray waistcoats and their raffish round hats stay on year after year without changing so much as a feather in a wing-tip. And fidelity is, after all, an English quality, too.

So if you should be English and an exile, even if you are not a very old lady or gentleman, you may find less pleasant occupation than to put some bread-crumbs into your pocket — you can steal them from your frs. 3.75 table d'hôte luncheon table when the waiter is not looking — and make your way to the nearest public garden, and there sit on a bench and take out your offering and make friends with the chirping, fluttering, rowdy, lovable little gentlemen who make up the clientele of the Restaurant des Moineaux.

A TRIP TO IASNAIA POLIANA

BY SOPHIE GLÉBOFF

From *Le Figaro, April* 21
(PARIS RADICAL PARTY DAILY)

IT was a fine June day, the heart of the Russian summer, when I made my way for the first time to Iasnaia Poliana to visit Count Leo Tolstoi and his family. I had made the trip down from Moscow to Toula, a journey of six hours, by rail, and from there I had a troika, which Countess Tolstoi had sent down to meet me at the station. It took me only an hour and a half to finish the journey. As we drew near to the estate I made out two stone towers which marked the gateway of the park, and at the first turn I had the pleasure of seeing Leo Tolstoi himself coming to meet me. He bade me welcome, climbed in beside me, and it was in his company that I arrived at Iasnaia Poliana, after traversing a long avenue of white birches leading up to the house.

The Countess, who was always very kind and hospitable, herself showed me to my room and told me to come down to lunch. My daughter, who was married to her younger son, and my two grandchildren, eight and nine

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years old, also had come to visit them.

Count Tolstoi never had his lunch until after the rest. Always a vegetarian, and a very strict one, he had a menu of his own, and the hour for his meal was never definitely set in advance. How often the poor Countess would complain of it! She was worried for fear there might not be a chance to offer him any lunch at all. So many of the beans and so much of the gruel which he preferred to other things had been kept warm in the oven twice as long as they should have been — kept until they were scarcely edible. These delays were due to the fact that in the morning Count Tolstoi always found himself extremely busy. He used to follow up his first breakfast with a short promenade in the park, and scarcely had he returned when he hunted up the courier who brought his mail and then set to work until luncheon time.

How curious it was! Every day a correspondence that might almost be called enormous descended on him from all corners not of Europe alone but of the whole world. He showed me the letters he had just received and those of the day before. There were some from Japan, from India, from Australia, from America. It was in the latter country that a colony of pacifists had taken refuge — his fervent disciples, who had adopted his name — thus avoiding compulsory military service in Russia. This colony was in constant correspondence with him, for Tolstoi, as everyone knows, was an ardent antimilitarist.

Aside from the innumerable letters and messages written in every language, to which Tolstoi endeavored to reply so far as possible, there were pamphlets, books, magazines, and manuscripts pouring in, accompanied by messages from their authors asking his advice and the counsel of his experience; and at the same time Count Tolstoi was perpetually receiving requests from painters and sometimes even from renowned sculptors insisting that he should pose for them. You saw a portrait or two of his at every exposition, and with the most different appearances. Sometimes it was Tolstoi before his writing-table, sometimes it was Tolstoi at work in the field or leaning over his fishing-line on the edge of the river. The portraits were done by the best Russian painters — Répine, Pasternack and others.

The day I reached Iasnaia Poliana — it was in 1910 — I admired the charming little bronze statue representing Tolstoi on horseback. It was a striking likeness. This statue had been offered him by my cousin, a sculptor well known in Paris, Prince Paul Troubetskoi, who often used to visit Tolstoi and whom Tolstoi liked very much.

Tolstoi's workroom at Iasnaia Poliana was not very large. It had wooden shelves along the walls, but it could not accommodate all the books and manuscripts that Tolstoi owned, and those that he was receiving every day. Two secretaries, chosen from his friends, and finally his wife and daughter, set themselves to classifying the books and keeping them in order. I know that much of his correspondence and many of his manuscripts were taken to the Historical Museum at Moscow by the family when the disorders began in Russia. There is also a large collection in the Tolstoi Museum at the Povarskaia at Moscow, and I feel sure that this museum still exists and that all these precious souvenirs and documents remain intact.

It may be added that a little railway-station on the Moscow-Kursk line, called Kozlowska, which served Iasnaia Poliana, had its own foreign postal and telegraph office especially opened, as a favor to Count Leo Tolstoi.

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Every day after luncheon he would take either a long stroll on foot or a ride on horseback, lasting two or three hours. This time he suggested that my daughter and I should come with him for a good walk in the state forest of Toula, called Zasieka, which bordered on his estate. As we went through the park I commented on the fine old trees and the protected woods, as well as the croquet ground and the tennis court, where he loved to play with the children from time to time. Our grandchildren, Vania and Tania, went with us. Count Tolstoi was very good to them, caressing them a good deal. During this walk he made a remark to my daughter which very nearly spoiled the pleasure of the whole trip for her. Looking at the children he turned to her and observed: 'How natural and charming children are, but how they get spoiled in being brought up.'

My daughter, who is a devoted mother and who from the beginning of her motherhood put her whole heart and soul and all her time into training and bringing up her children, heard these words with dismay, and lifted eyes of astonishment to him. But he, seeing that he had caused her pain, went on with his usual kindness: —

'Oh, come, do not feel too badly about it. I said that because I notice your children are brought up like all the children of rich parents. They always expect others to come and help them and do everything for them — put their belongings in order, set their rooms to rights, and the rest of it. They ought to be taught from childhood that they must learn to do without the help of other people, especially when that help requires pay. They must understand that it is shameful to pay people to wait on you, and in consequence that you must know so far as possible how to do what is indispensable and necessary in life so as to do away with other people's services.'

He himself, in spite of his great age, never allowed anyone to make his bed, or set his room in order, but did everything for himself. Continuing the conversation on the education of children he said to us: 'The basis of all education ought to be religion and religious feeling, which ought to be innate in the heart and mind of parents and of those who concern themselves with the education of children.'

As we came back from this walk we passed an old oak tree which had been singled out as a rendezvous for visitors, often completely unknown, who came from everywhere without announcing themselves, to see and consult Count Tolstoi. Often these visitors were peasants, schoolmasters, scholars, or students. Count Tolstoi would come up to them, say a few words, and sometimes take one off into his study when he saw that the conversation was going to be prolonged. He told me then with bursts of laughter, how, on the day before I came, two ladies, both young, elegantly dressed, and pretty, came and sat on the bench under this tree. On the way back from his walk Tolstoi went up to them and asked the purpose of their visit and what he could do to help them. To this question they replied frankly: 'Oh, all we want is to see the celebrated Leo Tolstoi.' Said Tolstoi, laughing: 'If you can get any fun out of that, just look at me as much as you like.'

When we came back I learned that three musicians, artists and professors at the Moscow Conservatory, had arrived and that we should hear a trio played that evening. Dinner took place at six o'clock and brought together from twenty to twenty-four people. The Count was always present and spent the evening with the members of his large family and the people

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who had come to visit him. It was the best part of the day for everyone. He was wholly at the disposition of the intimate circle gathered around him. He would begin by telling some interesting story. Sometimes it was an impression of a meeting he had had during his walk; sometimes he would reproduce a conversation with one of the peasants, or else describe, as he alone knew how to do, great artist that he was, the beauties of nature, the setting sun, the landscapes that he had just been contemplating as he walked through the picturesque wood near by. Only when he felt ill did he remain sad and silent. Very often, when one of his familiar friends or acquaintances was present, he would start a serious discussion and would support clearly and warmly his feelings and sentiments.

After dinner he liked to play checkers or *wint*, a kind of whist. We played for pennies. Sometimes he would bring a book and read aloud from some Russian, French, or English author. He especially loved Dickens and would read the chapters that he liked best.

This evening, when dinner was over, dessert and coffee were served on the open terrace, looking out over the park, and then everyone hastened to take a place in the great hall to hear the trio that the musicians were to play. The composer, M. Serge Tanéieff, was at the piano. They selected the magnificent Chaikovskii trio, 'In Memory of a Great Artist.' The great artist was Nicholas Rubinstein, brother of the celebrated pianist, Anton Rubinstein, who is known to the whole world. The greater part of those who were present had known and loved Nicholas Rubinstein and esteemed him at his true worth. It was he who had been founder and director of the Conservatory and of the Musical Society at Moscow. He, too, was a great man, and a celebrated composer, an excellent conductor, and above all an incomparable pianist, in which he yielded not even to his brother Anton. He was much admired and well known in Moscow. Chaikovskii and Rubinstein were great friends, and after the latter's death Chaikovskii composed to his memory this trio which we heard at Iasnaia Poliana.

In the three parts of this trio the composer employed the traits of musical thought which were characteristic of Nicholas Rubinstein, often those which were diametrically opposed to his own. Sometimes severe and exacting when it was a question of music and its teaching, sometimes gay, full of spirit, and even frivolous. What was especially touching in this trio, what set the heart to vibrating, was the second part — the adagio and variations, which express in profound and striking fashion all the sorrow and regret that one feels at the loss of his friend, and which end with a religious chant and solemn chords. While they were playing this trio I sat opposite Tolstoi and I could see how keenly he felt this beautiful music. I distinctly saw tears in his eyes. He shook hands with the artists, warmly thanking them for the great pleasure they had given him, and went off himself to start them home, for they were in haste to return to Moscow.

Not expecting to see Count Tolstoi that evening, I was thinking of going up to my own room when the door swung open and Tolstoi reappeared, this time with a little book in his hand.

'Before we separate,' he said, 'I want to amuse you and make you laugh by reading some of Guy de Maupassant's stories. I am under the spell of his style, so fine, such a true way of writing. There was no one like him to put things as they are in reality.'

He began to read us some of de Maupassant. I regret to say that un-

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fortunately I cannot give their titles. In one there was a conversation between two drunken villagers. The story made Tolstoi laugh so heartily that the rest of us could not help doing the same, and so this delightful evening ended. As I went up to my room I felt myself deeply stirred and my heart warmed by the penetrating charm and goodness that emanated from Tolstoi.

Even now, while I am writing these lines, I seem to see his face, cut all in one piece, his gestures, his head so characteristic, his long white beard, and, above all, the youthful glance of his deep eyes. Yet it must be said that Tolstoi found fault with himself because of his peaceful life at Iasnaia Poliana, where all his family, giving up all that luxury which he could not endure, surrounded him with attention and tried, so far as possible, to render life pleasant to him.

His conscience, based on the severe principles that he preached, gave him no rest, and one could often see that he was sick at heart. I have heard him say to his friends: 'The happiest day of my life will be the one when I learn as I wake in the morning that I am totally ruined and have lost everything.' You could feel that he was profoundly sincere in uttering these words. It was chiefly for this reason, as well as for others, that toward the end of his life he made a resolution that was disastrous for all who loved him. One dark and cold November night, when he was old and sick, without warning anyone, he left his home forever for an unknown and uncertain goal. Lacking strength, he succumbed on the way, and a few days later Russia's glory, the great Tolstoi, breathed his last in a little station-master's office in a little railway-station called Astapovo, on the Moscow-Kursk line.

I went to his funeral. His body was taken back to Iasnaia Poliana. Special trains brought innumerable throngs down from Moscow, especially young people of both sexes, and the funeral procession was almost fantastic in its length. Everyone was very calm. Even the peasants from the neighboring villages had come.

In the second part of his life Tolstoi, though he was profoundly religious, did not heed the dogmas of the church and seldom went to services. His burial was a civil service without priests or chants. Those who bore the coffin, as well as those who followed it, sang in chorus 'Eternal Memory.' These are two words that form a part of the funeral service of the Orthodox Church, and ringing down the length of the road they were very moving.

They buried Tolstoi in the park under one of the old trees that he loved. I did not stay very long and went back to Moscow, not having courage to go into the house at Iasnaia Poliana. I felt my heart full of irreparable regret.

As I think of Tolstoi I must add that there seemed to be two sides to his life: on the one, his soul and his genius; on the other, his philosophic spirit. When the second was dominant he seemed to lift himself into the Beyond, become cold and severe. He judged, condemned, sought the source of truth, seemed to make himself distant from everyone. His affection for his family vanished. But when — and it was thus that I knew him — it was his affections that ruled, no one could be gentler, a closer observer of life and of everything, no one could have more wit, being at the same time an artist and a charming gentleman full of attention and thoughtfulness, of goodness toward everyone, beginning with the least important and most insignificant. It was this goodness, this inner good-will of Tolstoi that constituted his chief charm. Those who were favored with his intimate friendship can never cease to hold him dear.

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THE AMERICAN ALLIANCE

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

[*The author, probably the most brilliant Catholic layman among British writers, needs no introduction to our readers. These articles appeared in the last two issues of the* New Witness *before it suspended publication.*]

From the *New Witness, April 27, May 4*
(CHESTERTONIAN CATHOLIC WEEKLY)

I HAVE just returned from the United States after an absence of twenty-five years. I had known them intimately in early manhood, I renewed acquaintance with them in a visit which was brief, but which took me to many cities and brought me into contact with many kinds of men. I bring back with me two political lessons which everyone of similar experience will bring back if he will also weigh in their due proportion the forces now threatening the future of England.

These two political lessons are: —

1. The present effort to secure an American alliance is a grave political error. It has already seriously weakened England: its accomplishment would weaken her irretrievably.

2. If we have gone too far to draw back, the methods at present employed to secure the Alliance are doing us increasing harm without coming nearer their object.

The two points set down above are quite distinct and in no way contradictory. A man climbing a difficult 'Post' in the Pyrenees may find when he is halfway up that it does not lead him to the further valley he was seeking, and yet may be unable to go back. It still remains a practical question to determine which way of attacking the remainder of the pass will least endanger him for the moment.

I will take the two points in their order. I say, first, that the effort to secure American aid in our international difficulties, and to secure it in a reliable and permanent form, is a misjudgment, that the attempt so to secure it weakens us dangerously. This does *not* mean that the negative policy of refusing to quarrel with America, of making good relations with America the corner stone of our policy, is an error. On the contrary, it is a political necessity almost self-evident. It is the positive attempt to secure support which is erroneous: and the two are quite distinct.

Until the issue of the American Civil War was apparent our national policy was naturally hostile to the United States. The rise of a great rival in any field is unwelcome to a commercial Commonwealth acting over great distances of sea and present upon every continent. To check the growth of such a rival by disruption from within or by the counterbalance of some neighbor is an obvious and necessary aim. There was a moment when it looked as though such a check could be applied by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. That moment passed or was missed. A great nation was firmly established, there was no neighbor to support as a rival, the only course left was one of good relations permanently and vigorously maintained.

That course was adopted with a wise

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promptitude and followed unswervingly for thirty years. No sacrifice was thought too great. The Alabama claims were allowed; the Venezuelan Note was accepted; and apart from these major indications a host of minor submissions marked the unalterable determination of Great Britain to avoid all friction with the New Power.

By the end of the nineteenth century it was already apparent that some change — not for the better — had begun to affect the international position of England. Prussia, long supported as a rival to France, was becoming something more: the new responsibilities of vast continents in Africa — from Egypt downward — were unsecured by a corresponding growth in armed strength. The colonies had grown too large to be comfortable, they were not homogenous, French, Irish, Dutch elements were hostile or divergent in aim, and even the elements nearer British in tone were grown into a somewhat alien culture. After some hesitation whether to loosen or strengthen the bond, a dangerous and increasingly unsettled attempt was made to mask essential contradictions with pleasant words, and to substitute a sentiment for a policy. It gave us the South African War and later the menacing quarrels upon conscription as a mark of loyalty in Canada and Australia.

The novelty and the peril of the position grew increasingly apparent and it was surely the line of least resistance when the late war was over to look for support to a people now prodigiously increased in wealth and numbers, recently an associate in Victory, of English speech; boasting traditions and institutions which were partly English in origin, and, in English eyes, almost wholly so. That line of least resistance was followed. A wiser, because a firmer and more intelligent course, would have been a considered European policy. It is England that matters to England, and England is a European Power not a colonial. Moreover the forces to hand in Europe were more disparate and therefore more easily played one against the other, and were far better known to us through proximity, tradition, and above all a common culture, than those of the New World.

But fatigue or bewilderment, coupled with a weakening of that unique aristocratic character in the State, which had long been our supreme advantage in foreign affairs, led the national policy along that line of least resistance, and an American *Alliance* became our chief goal abroad. The name was never used, but the thing was plain. Direct American support for English objects, against France, against the new European groupings, against Turkey in the Mohammedan world, was sought, was pursued. Such was the direction. It is a false and most perilous direction, and why this is so I will explain.

The reason that an American Alliance would weaken England, and hasten the process of peril which everyone desires to check, is contained in this formula: —

'The United States, in Alliance, will pursue ends opposed to our ends and that by methods based on standards opposed to our standards.'

In other words, England, in Alliance with the United States, would see herself forced to actions which would lessen her, and performing those actions upon motives repugnant to her national character.

Both limbs of this truth flow from a common source: the United States have a culture quite separate from the whole of Europe and are at the same time under no necessity.

Because the United States are under no necessity; because they are free to

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act alone and are fully sufficient to themselves, therefore no Alliance is worth their while which diminishes that liberty. If they act in concert with another Power they will act toward their own objects, and the Power which has sought their aid and protection will find itself directed at once toward American objects, not its own. The process is inevitable, for every European people to-day desperately needs support and combination with a group. The power or fortune of the French, for the moment, lies precisely in the fact that they have achieved such support and combination.

In such a situation the various members of the combination give up much each to each, but receive what each feels to be an equivalent. Thus such a combination between England and Italy, to check the growing power of France, as was possible even a year ago would have left Italy weaker in the Levant and dependent throughout the Mediterranean upon an alien sea-power whose presence in these waters is a standing irritant to the Italian people. But it would have had its price in cheap coal, a secure predominance in the Adriatic, and a lowering exchange. A combination between France and England, such as was still possible up to the summer of 1921, would have gradually withdrawn France from the Rhine, and would have tended to an ultimate restoration of the now tottering Prussian Reich, but it would have secured regular payment of the Reparations which the clique of millionaire industrials and bankers at Berlin continue to refuse. Either combination would have been paid for at a certain price by England, but the results would have been balanced against the sacrifice.

In the case of the United States there could be no such bargain. What could we offer that people which they need so acutely as to curtail their own advantages and freedom for the sake of the bargain? If they join us in any enterprise it can only be because they happen to agree on a common end for motives quite other than our own and leading, therefore, to divergent results.

Take the concrete case of Turkey last year. There is in the United States a strong, a widespread, sympathy for the Christian under Moslem rule. There is neither knowledge of, nor interest in, the European rivalries in the Levant and the control of the gates to the Red and Black Seas. American power appearing on our side against the Turk would have been an immediate relief; but in the settlement the hold on Constantinople, which was *our* object, would have gone to a committee dominated by our rivals, and the Canal would have followed it.

We happened for the moment to oppose Turkish power for the reasons which had made us support it during a long lifetime — the prevention of any Power comparable with our own controlling the narrow ways into the Black Sea. *We* stood against the Turk in order to hold Constantinople. But why should America support us in this? What advantage was the restoration of our position to her? How, when our rivals claimed an international control over the Dardanelles, and later the Suez Canal, should we have persuaded this powerful and unbiased arbitrator to support our private thesis?

At the opening of the present year educated opinion in England was so wildly misinformed that the intervention of Washington to prevent the French occupation of the Ruhr was taken for granted. The illusion was grotesque. Washington had no more leaning to such a policy than we have for an invasion of Russia by a conscript British army. But supposing the mirage in the imagination of our London publicists had been a reality:

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supposing America really had been in a mood to intervene, why should that intervention have followed *our* diplomacy? It certainly would have done nothing of the kind. Its object would have been a general settlement and for this Reparations are an essential.

Our object had crystallized into a saving of German industry and wealth at the expense of the French and the postponement of Reparations till their recovery should become impossible. The United States had no such object and, had she acted, would unquestionably have insisted upon immediate and heavy Reparations payment — for she had no reason to act otherwise. But Reparations can only be paid at some expense to our trade and at a much more immoderate expense to our financial interests which are the mortgagees of German industry and our shareholders — many of them public men — in German concerns. American action would have effected the one thing we had spent four years of effort to prevent.

Why, then, in the face of such evident conclusions against an Alliance where we have nothing to offer and therefore everything to lose, has the idea of it taken such deep root? Why is it still pursued — as it is being pursued at this moment — by every private and public means available?

Because so many men on *our* side of the Atlantic have of the American Republic a conception as false as it is possible for one nation to have of another. They think of the United States as a sort of England, an extension of England, part of the English culture and in some way organically bound up with England. They do really see, in their minds, a sort of natural unit including Great Britain and the New World as parts of one whole, and that whole inspired by English aims and ideas.

Now if there is one political field where we *must* appreciate reality at the expense of disaster it is the field of foreign affairs. A certain measure of illusion in domestic matters will work because it will be common to governor and governed. But illusion upon *external* forces is fatal. If one imagine himself a Crœsus and draw imaginary checks which he shall cash himself in the imagination only, no great harm is done. But if he act toward others upon this fantasy things happen.

Talk of 'Anglo-Saxons,' an 'English-speaking world,' and 'Our American Cousins' does no immediate tangible and direct harm to those who indulge in it. But carry that nonsense into the real world of navies and armies, of living millions with their national walls, and you will come as heavy a crash as one that should step out of a fifth-story window through taking too literally the metaphor of 'walking on air.'

The drawbacks of the American Alliance, are, then, manifest. It would make of this country at once the instrument and the hostage of a policy not its own, and it would drag Great Britain into pretended motives more and more widely divergent from her real springs of action. She would find herself crusading for all manner of people — even releasing those now tributary to her: she would find herself giving away wealth to her rivals and to her Ally, and perhaps withholding it from those it was her interest to support. She would — at a few minutes' distance by air — be asked to run the risk for a secure nation 3000 miles from Europe, and, on the top of all this, she would have no *secure* bond: for if there is one thing quite certain in this affair it is that the American people would never allow any Government of theirs to bind them irrevocably for a period of years to the fate of any other. At the best we should obtain an 'associate': the word is by

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this time familiar and the policy it connotes has been thoroughly learned.

But it may be replied that the country has gone too far to draw back, and that since some external connection is necessary we must proceed with the American, for what it is worth to us, because it is now too late to procure any other. To draw back after conceding the loss of Ireland, consenting to abandon naval superiority, paying a huge annual tribute of over thirty millions on the debt, — nearly a shilling on the Income Tax, — would be to lose the fruit of the most desperate sacrifices yet made in the history of this country. To expect any other alliance is now hopeless: American support *may* be obtained by appeals to Generosity, Humanity, Peace, and Leagues of Nations, and sundry other abstractions, while the more solid supports once to be obtained nearer home are no longer in our power.

'As a test of this,' it may be urged, 'let us look at the main event of this year: The French have crossed the Rhine. We might have prevented it by a solid pact binding them down two years ago — the opportunity was lost. We might have rivaled them by an approach to Italy, Poland, and the lesser nations whose interest it is to enforce the treaties — our Government despised or neglected such a policy. The French have crossed the Rhine. Had we had American support we could have kept them to the left bank. It may not be too late, even now, to recall them by the voice of America.'

The calculation is erroneous; but, granted that the thing must be proceeded with, then at least let us proceed with it in the right fashion.

Now the methods by which the American Alliance is sought are methods that cannot achieve their end, and the mishandling of the quest proceeds from one main source, which is a complete misconception of the national mind we are engaged with. We — our politicians especially — think of the United States as an extension of England; but the people of the United States most emphatically do not. They think of England as a foreign country which, to much the most of them, is not only foreign but unsympathetic.

The methods adopted for obtaining the American Alliance have been all of them clearly marked by this conception of America as something more or less English.

1. We have 'propagandized' upon the obvious and superficial things in common, especially the language. This has in America an effect the opposition of that intended. Americans are not proud to have their speech, including the names of their institutions, referred to Europe. They like to think of them as their own.

2. We have worked by the one-sided boycott of detrimentals: leaving unmentioned things *we* wanted forgotten, without considering the other side's active memory of them. It is a method admirably suited for convincing one's self but futile for convincing another. For instance, we forget or ignore the intense friction with America over the blockade in 1915–16.

3. We have shown much too great an eagerness to pay any price asked, on the idea that it was 'all within the family.' We have succeeded only in giving the Americans the double idea: (*a*) that we were grown weaker; (*b*) that anyhow we were only doing our bare duty. Had we bargained strongly we should be nearer our goal.

4. The worst error of all: we have worked — and it seemed to us so natural! — through the rich. Now that is the *one* way to alienate the mass of American sympathy. Our politicians

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when they cross the Atlantic are the guests and prey of just that small body of rich men and women, especially of the banking interest, which the mass of Americans most suspect. Our politicians, received and patronized by such families, appear to Americans as the hangers-on of money-dealers; they are suspect from the hour they land. American millionaires who find in England that position which in their own country money cannot give complete the ruin. Anything done for England in America through such agency is bitterly resented there and works sharply against us. It would pay us to subsidize the silence of such men with large annuities charged to the consolidated fund and terminable for each on the day when any one of them wrote or spoke in public upon the common interests of our country — in which they are tolerated — and of theirs — in which they are despised.

There is only one way to approach America successfully with the request for aid and support. That way is to approach her for the foreign Power she is: as a Great Power and as an alien Great Power, which is to be persuaded of its interests in the combination and treated throughout as a completely separate party in it; to speak frankly of hostility when we feel hostility, not to parade an enthusiasm for international ideals which the mass of our people hate. That may at last obtain us the Alliance which I still believe would be to our hurt, but to which, many say, necessity at present compels us. Nothing short of that will do it. Our terms must be as precise as they are now vague and our appeal as clearly political and practical as it is now sentimental and popular.

As a practical recommendation let me end with this. Let every envoy or public pleader for the Alliance prepare himself by traveling to the States in a slow and very cheap boat. Once landed let him proceed at once to the Middle West, staying in the chief hotel of one country town after another for a month and never more than a couple of nights in any. Let him meanwhile talk to men of all ranks and origins and read every paper he comes across. Let him listen also to sermons in chapels. Next let him walk for another month back across the Divide to the east coast and spend the remainder of these months in cities of the seaboard, one after another, on not more than $7 a day. After such a brief experience even a Westminster politician might approach the American problem with caution.

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THE ART OF WRITING

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

From the *London Mercury, May*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

FROM time to time we are solemnly warned that in the hands of modern writers language has fallen into a morbid state. It has become degenerate, if not, indeed, the victim of 'senile ataxia' or 'general paralysis.' Certainly it is well that our monitors should seek to arouse in us the wholesome spirit of self-criticism. Whether we write ill or well, we can never be too seriously concerned with what it is that we are attempting to do. We may always be grateful to those who stimulate us to a more wakeful activity in pursuing a task which can never be carried to perfection.

Yet these monitors seldom fail at the same time to arouse a deep revolt in our minds. We are not only impressed by the critic's own inability to write any better than those he criticizes. We are moved to question the validity of nearly all the rules he lays down for our guidance. We are inclined to dispute altogether the soundness of the premises from which he starts. Of these three terms of our revolt, covering comprehensively the whole ground, the first may be put aside — since the ancient retort is always ineffective and it helps the patient not at all to bid the physician heal himself — and we may take the last first.

Men are always apt to bow down before the superior might of their ancestors. It has been so always and everywhere. Even the author of the once well-known book of Genesis believed that 'there were giants in the earth in those days,' the mighty men which were of old, the men of renown, and still to-day among ourselves no plaint is more common than that concerning the physical degeneracy of modern men as compared to our ancestors of a few centuries ago. Now and then, indeed, there comes along a man of science, like Professor Parsons who has measured the bones from the remains of the ancestors we still see piled up in the crypt at Hythe, and finds that — however fine the occasional exceptions — the average height of those men and women was decidedly less than that of their present-day descendants.

Fortunately for the vitality of tradition, we cherish a wholesome distrust of science. And so it is with our average literary stature. The academic critic regards himself as the special depository of the accepted tradition, and far be it from him to condescend to any mere scientific inquiry into the actual facts. He half awakens from slumber to murmur the expected denunciation of his own time, and therewith returns to slumber. He usually seems unaware that even two centuries ago, in the finest period of English prose, Swift, certainly himself a supreme master, was already lamenting 'the corruption of our style.'

If it is asserted that the average writer of to-day has not equaled the supreme writer of some earlier age — there are but one or two in any age — we can only ejaculate: 'Strange if he had!' Yet that is all that the academic critic usually seems to mean. If he

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would take the trouble to compare the average prose-writer of to-day with the average writer of even so great an age as the Elizabethan he might easily convince himself that the former, whatever his imperfections, need not fear the comparison.

Whether or not progress in general may be described as 'the exchange of one nuisance for another nuisance,' it is certainly so with the progress of style, and the imperfections of our average everyday writing are balanced by the quite other imperfections of our forefathers' writing. What, for instance, need we envy in the literary methods of that great and miscellaneous band of writers whom Hakluyt brought together in those admirable volumes which are truly great and really fascinating only for reasons that have nothing to do with style? Raleigh himself here shows no distinction in his narrative of that discreditable episode — as he clearly and rightly felt it to be — the loss of the Revenge by the willful Grenville.

Most of them are bald, savorless, monotonous, stating the obvious facts in the obvious way, but hopelessly failing to make clear, when rarely they attempt it, anything that is not obvious. They have none of the little unconscious tricks of manner which worry the critic to-day. But their whole manner is one commonplace trick from which they never escape. They are relieved only by its simplicity and by the novelty which comes through age.

We have to remember that all mediocrity is impersonal, and that when we encourage its manifestations on printed pages we merely make mediocrity more conspicuous. Nor can that be remedied by teaching the mediocre to cultivate tricks of fashion or of vanity. There is more personality in Claude Bernard's *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale*, a great critic of life and letters has pointed out, Remy de Gourmont, than in Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle.* For personality is not something that can be sought; it is a radiance that is diffused spontaneously. It may even be most manifest when most avoided, and no writer — the remark has doubtless often been made before — can be more personal than Flaubert, who had made almost a gospel of impersonality. But the absence of research for personality, however meritorious, will not suffice to bring personality out of mediocrity.

Moreover, the obvious fact seems often to be overlooked by the critic, that a vastly larger proportion of the population now write, and see their writing printed. We live in what we call a democratic age in which all are compulsorily taught how to make pothooks and hangers on paper. So that every nincompoop — in the attenuated sense of the term — as soon as he puts a pen in ink feels that he has become, like M. Jourdain, a writer of prose. That feeling is justified only in a very limited sense; and if we wish to compare the condition of things to-day with that in an age when people wrote at the bidding of some urgent stimulus from without or from within, we have at the outset to delete certainly over ninety-five per cent of our modern so-called writers before we institute any comparison.

The writers thus struck out, it may be added, cannot fail to include many persons of much note in the world. There are all sorts of people to-day who write from all sorts of motives other than a genuine aptitude for writing.

To suppose that there can be any comparison at this point of the present with the past, and to dodder over the decay of our language, would seem a senile proceeding if we do not happen to know that it occurs in all ages, and that, even at the time when our prose speech was as near to perfection as it is

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ever likely to be, its critics were bemoaning its corruption, lamenting, for instance, the indolent new practice of increasing sibilation by changing 'arriveth' into 'arrives' and pronouncing 'walkèd' as 'walkd,' sometimes in their criticisms showing no more knowledge of the history and methods of growth of English than our academic critics show to-day.

For we know what to-day they tell us; it is not hard to know, their exhortations, though few, are repeated in so psittaceous a manner. One thinks, for instance, of that solemn warning against the enormity of the split infinitive which has done so much to aggravate the pharisaism of the bad writers who scrupulously avoid it. This superstition seems to have had its origin in a false analogy with Latin, in which the infinitive is never split for the good reason that it is impossible to split. In the greater freedom of English it is possible and has been done for at least the last five hundred years by the greatest masters of English; only the good writer never uses this form helplessly and involuntarily but with a definite object, and that is the only rule to observe. An absolute prohibition in this matter is the mark of those who are too ignorant, or else too unintelligent, to recognize a usage which is of the essence of English speech. It may be as well to point that it is the amateur literary grammarian and not the expert who is at fault in these matters. The attitude of the expert — as in C. T. Onions, *Advanced English Syntax* — is entirely reasonable.

One may perhaps refer, again, to those who lay down that every sentence must end on a significant word, never on a preposition, and who reprobate what has been technically termed the posthabited prefix. They are the same worthy and would-be old-fashioned people who think that a piece of music must always end monotonously on a banging chord. Only here they have not, any more than in music, even the virtue — if such it be — of old fashion, for the final so-called preposition is in the genius of the English language and associated with the Scandinavian — in the wider ancient sense Danish — strain of English, one of the finest strains it owns, imparting much of the plastic force which renders it flexible, the element which helped to save it from the strait-laced tendency of Anglo-Saxon and the awkward formality of Latin and French influence. The foolish prejudice we are here concerned with seems to date from a period when the example of French, in which the final preposition is impossible, happened to be dominant. Its use in English is associated with the informal grace and simplicity, the variety of tender cadence, which our tongue admits.

In such matters as the 'split infinitive' and the 'posthabited preposition,' there should never have been any doubt as to the complete validity and authority of the questioned usages. But there are other points at which some even good critics may be tempted to accept the condemnation of the literary grammarians. It is sufficient to mention one: the nominative use of the pronoun 'me.' Yet surely anyone who considers social practice as well as psychological necessity should not fail to see that we must recognize a double use of 'me' in English. The French, who in such matters seem to have possessed a finer social and psychological tact, have realized that 'je' cannot be the sole nominative of the first person and have supplemented it by 'moi' ('mi' from 'mihi'). The Frenchman, when asked who is there, does not reply 'Je!' But the would-be English purist is supposed to be reduced to replying 'I!' Royal Cleopatra asks the

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Messenger: 'Is she as tall as me?' The would-be purist, no doubt, transmutes this as he reads into: 'Is she as tall as I?' We need not envy him.

Such an example indicates how independent the free and wholesome life of language is of grammatical rules. This is not to diminish the importance of the grammarian's task but simply to define it, as the formulator, and not the lawgiver, of usage. His rules are useful, not merely in order to know how best to keep them, but in order to know how best to break them. Without them freedom might become license. Yet even license, we have to recognize, is the necessary offscouring of speech in its supreme manifestations of vitality and force. English speech was never more syntactically licentious than in the sixteenth century, but it was never more alive, never more fitly the material for a great artist to mould.

So it is that in the sixteenth century we find Shakespeare. In post-Dryden days — though Dryden was an excellent writer and engaged on an admirable task — a supreme artist in English speech became impossible, and if a Shakespeare were to appear all his strength would have been wasted in a vain struggle with the grammarians. French speech has run a similar and almost synchronous course with English. There was a magnificently natural force and wealth in sixteenth-century French; in Rabelais it became even extravagantly exuberant; in Montaigne it is still flexible and various — *ondoyant et divers* — and still full of natural delight and freedom.

But after Malherbe and his fellows, French speech acquired orderliness, precision, and formality; they were excellent qualities, no doubt, but had to be paid for by some degree of thinness and primness, even some stiffening of the joints. Rousseau came and poured fresh blood from Switzerland into the language and a new ineffable grace that was all his own; so that if we now hesitate to say, with Landor, that he excels all the moderns for harmony, it is only because they have learned what he taught; and later the romantics, under the banner of Hugo, imparted color and brilliance. Yet all the great artists who have wrestled with French speech for a century have never been able to restore the scent and the savor and the substance which Villon and Montaigne without visible effort could once find within its borders. In this as in other matters what we call progress means the discovery of new desirable qualities, and therewith the loss of other qualities that were at least equally desirable.

Then there is yet another warning which, especially in recent times, is issued at frequent intervals, and that is against the use of verbal counters, of worn or even worn-out phrases, of what we commonly fall back on modern French to call *clichés*. We mean thereby the use of old stereotyped phrases to save the trouble of making a new living phrase to suit our meaning. The word *cliché* is thus typographic, though, it so happens, it is derived from an old French word of phonetic meaning, *cliqueter* or *cliquer* (related to the German *klatschen*), which we already have in English as to *click* or to *clack*, in a sense which well supplements its more modern technical sense for this literary end.

Yet the warning against clichés is vain. The good writer, by the very fact that he is alive and craves speech that is vivid, as clichés never are, instinctively avoids their excessive use, while the nervous and bad writer, in his tremulous anxiety to avoid these tabooed clichés, falls into the most deplorable habits, like the late Mr. Robert Ross, who at one time was so anxious to avoid clichés that he acquired the habit

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of using them in an inverted form and wrote a prose that made one feel like walking on sharp flints; for though a macadamized road may not be so good to walk in as a flowered meadow it is better than a macadamized road with each stone turned upside down and the sharp edge uppermost.

As a matter of fact it is impossible to avoid the use of clichés and counters in speech, and if it were possible the results would be in the highest degree tedious and painful. The word *cliché* itself, we have seen, is a cliché, a worn counter of a word, with its original meaning all effaced, and even its secondary meaning now only just visible. That, if those folk who condemn clichés only had the intelligence to perceive it, is a significant fact. You cannot avoid using clichés, not even in the very act of condemning them. They include, if we only look keenly enough, nearly the whole of language, almost every separate word. If one could avoid them one would be unintelligible.

Even those common phrases which it is peculiarly meet to call counters are not to be absolutely condemned. They have become so common to use because so fit to use, as Baudelaire understood when he spoke of 'the immense depth of thought in vulgar locations.' There is only one rule to follow here — and it is simply the rule in every part of art — to know what one is doing, not to go sheep-like with the flock, ignorantly, unthinkingly, heedlessly, but to mould speech to expression the most truly one knows how. If, indeed, we are seeking clarity and the precise expression of thought, there is nothing we may not do if only we know how to do it — but that 'if' might well be in capitals. One who has spent the best part of his life in trying to write things that had not been written before, and that were very difficult to write, may perhaps be allowed to confess the hardness of this task.

To write is thus an arduous intellectual task, a process which calls for the highest tension of the muscles in the escalade of a heaven which the strongest and bravest and alertest can never hope to take by violence. He has to be true — whether it is in the external world he is working or in his own internal world — and as truth can only be seen through his own temperament he is engaged in moulding the expression of a combination which has never existed in the world before.

It is not in writing only — in all art, in all science, the task before each is that defined by Bacon: Man added to Nature. It is so also in painting, as a great artist of modern times, Cézanne, recognized even in those same words: 'He who wishes to make art,' he once said to Vollard, 'must follow Bacon, who defined the artist as *Homo additus Naturæ*.' So it is that the artist, if he has succeeded in being true to his function, is necessarily one who makes all things new. That remarkable artist who wrote the book of the Revelation has expressed this in his allegorical, perhaps unconscious, Oriental way, for he represents the artist as hearing the divine spirit from the throne within him uttering the command: 'Behold, I make all things new. . . . Write!' The command is similar whatever the art may be, though it is here the privilege of the writer to find his own art set forth as the inspired example of all art.

Thus it is that to write is a strenuous intellectual task not to be achieved without the exercise of the best-trained and most deliberate rational faculties. That is the outcome of the whole argument up to this point. There is so much bad writing in the world because writing has been dominated by ignorance and habit and prudery, and not least by the academic teachers and critics who have known nothing of what they claim to teach and were often

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themselves singular examples of how not to write. There has, on the other hand, been a little good writing here and there in the world, through the ages, because a few possessed not only courage and passion and patience but knowledge and concentrated intellectual attention, and the resolution to seek truth, and the conviction that, as they imagined, the genius they sought consisted in taking pains.

Yet, if that were all, many people would become great writers who, as we well know, will never become writers; if that were all, writing could scarcely even be regarded as an art. For art, on one side of it, transcends conscious knowledge; a poet, as Landor remarked, 'is not aware of all that he knows, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.' Yet the same great writer has also said, and with equal truth, of good poetry, that 'the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures.' We always move on two feet, as Élie Faure remarks in his *L'Arbre d'Eden*, the two poles of knowledge and of desire, the one a matter of deliberate acquirement and the other of profound instinct; and all our movements are a perpetual leap from one to the other, seeking a centre of gravity we never attain.

So the achievement of style in writing, as in all human intercourse, is something more than an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is also defined — and, I sometimes think, supremely well defined — as 'grace seasoned with salt.' Beyond all that can be achieved by knowledge and effort, there must be the spontaneous grace that springs up like a fountain from the depth of a beautifully harmonious nature, and there must be also the quality which the Spaniards call *sal*, and so rightly admire in the speech of the women of the people of their own land — the salt quality which gives savor and point and antiseptic virtue. This is that 'divine malice' which Nietzsche, in *Ecce Homo*, speaking of Heine ('One day Heine and I will be regarded as by far the greatest artists of the German language,' he says rather egotistically but perhaps truly), considered essential to perfection. 'I estimate the value of men and of races,' he added, 'by their need to identify their God with a satyr.'

The best literary prose speech is simply the idealization in the heaven of art of the finest common speech of earth — simply, yet never reached for more than a moment in a nation's long history. In Greece it was immortally and radiantly achieved by Plato; in England it was attained for a few years during the last years of the seventeenth and the first years of the eighteenth centuries, lingering on indeed here and there to the end of that century until crushed between the pedantry of Johnson and the poetic license of the Romantics. But for the rest only the most happily endowed genius can even attain for a rare moment the perfection of the Pauline ideal of 'grace seasoned with salt.'

It is fortunate, no doubt, that an age of machinery is well content with machine-made writing. It would be in bad taste — too physiological, too sentimental, altogether too antiquated — to refer to the symbolical significance of the highly relevant fact that the heart, while undoubtedly a machine, is at the same time a sensitively pulsating organ with fleshy strings stretched from venticle to valves, a harp on which the great artist may play until our hearts also throb in unison. Yet there are some to whom it still seems that, beyond mechanical skill, the cadences of the artist's speech are the cadences of his heart, and the footfalls of his rhythm the footfalls of his spirit, in a great adventure across the universe.

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THE BLUE-EYED STRANGER

BY M. KHUNDKAR

From the *Calcutta Review, March*
(CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY MONTHLY)

IN the tents of Osman the Brave there was weeping and wailing. And Osman was a mighty sheik, famous throughout the whole of Arabia for the valorous deeds performed in the perpetual state of warfare wherein he passed his entire existence. Also one third of the Great Desert belonged to him. Moreover still more famous was he for the possession of a steed — the like of which was not to be matched in all the land for strength and swiftness — which could carry three men as easily as any other would carry one.

'T was on the broad back of this charger Osman was wont to be borne into the thick of battle, wherein he and his steed fought together as one man. But now Osman beat his manly breast, rent his garments, and wept aloud; till in the midst of his lamentations the chief of the captains came running and announced the advent of a tribe similar to their own, who walked in procession toward them, lamenting even as they did.

Barely had he finished speaking when there swept up to the entrance Mustapha the Gay — brother-in-arms to Osman. Scarcely had the two sheiks caught sight of each other than they were straightway locked in one another's arms, where they continued their lamentations in unison.

For Mustapha the Gay was a mighty sheik — renowned throughout the whole of Arabia for the length and magnificence of his banquets, for the perpetual state of feasting wherein he passed his entire existence. Sometimes also did men call him 'Great,' for he was broader and bulkier than other men, in consequence of his measuring many, many feet around the middle — also one third of the Great Desert was his alone.

But above all was Mustapha renowned for the possession of a certain slave, — his Persian cook, — for in all the country there was not such another; kings and princes of rank and power came from afar to taste of the cunning of his hand. But now his jovial master, clasped in the arms of Osman the Brave, raised up his voice and wept; till in the midst of their sorrow came the chief of the captains running, to announce the advent of a tribe like unto their own, who walked in procession toward them, lamenting even as they did. Barely had he finished speaking when there swept into the great tent Yakub the Beautiful — and Yakub was a mighty sheik. No sooner did the other two catch sight of him than they hailed him as brother, and the three, locked in one another's arms, raised up their eyes and wept in unison.

Throughout the length and breadth of Arabia was Yakub noted for the melancholy splendor of his large dark eyes, the poetic charm of his flowery speech, the perpetual state of colorful tuneful scentful ease wherein he passed his entire existence — also one third of the Great Desert was his alone. But over and above all was he famous for the possession of a fair Circassian, whose very finger-nails were rosier than

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all the roses of Persia, and the beauty and length of whose eyelashes all the poets of Arabia had striven to describe and entirely failed to do justice to.

But now her enviable master wrung his exquisite pale hands and wept, till in the midst of the hullabaloo Osman finally collected his wits sufficiently to speak as follows: —

'I will recount my woes to you, O my brothers,' he said. 'And do you do likewise — but not until I have finished — for when the heart is full it is well to unburden it.'

And the others answered, 'Aye, we will do as you say.'

'As you know, then,' began Osman, 'in this region of the Desert there was none so honored as I — for my soul loved war, and I reveled therein. Men sang throughout this Desert of ours of my valorous deeds, and I was thrice blessed. Till one day there came to the doors of my tents a stranger with eyes blue — as a turquoise of the mountains. A blue-eyed stranger who told of strange lands and stranger customs. And when I asked of the land of his birth, he spoke of a place called New York, and of a marvelous building therein known as Sing Sing, which hath walls of impregnable thickness and chambers untold which he said were easier of entrance than exit, wherein he had spent many years of his life.

'And I, thinking he was one of royal birth, gave him shelter. And he in turn beguiled me with tales, and taught to me a game — wonderful — with cards, such a one as only infidels play. For the sake of it did I forget all things — the sound of arms, and the very food I ate. Moreover, in a boastful hour, did I vow I was the better player. We played. The stakes rose higher — and in a foolish moment I staked my Arab mare. Alack! he won — and, riding his prize, long ere rise of sun the following day had vanished. Ah, woe is me — for weak is a warrior without his charger. Alas! my swift Arabian steed — for I shall never fight again.'

But Mustapha the Gay wailed aloud, and said: 'My woes are greater. Listen, O my brothers, while I tell you. As you know, within my boundaries there was none so famous as I for the excellence of my feasts and the sweet spiced meats therein, also for the rank and power of my noble guests. Mine was a mirthful life, and I was thrice blessed. Till one day there came to the doors of my tents a stranger with eyes blue — as the sea in summer. A blue-eyed stranger who had a merry wit, and told of strange countries and stranger customs. And when I asked of him the land of his birth, he spoke, as of a peri's paradise, of a place called Coney Isle, describing the wonders thereof in manner humorous and mirthful.

'And I, thinking him a jovial comrade, gave to him shelter. And in return he sang me the songs of his country — those which he called ragtime — and we were as brothers, until he taught me a game — marvelous — such a one surely as only mad men play; for in the end of a surety I lost my senses, and even the pleasure of feasting, for the various foods had for me no longer any savor. Nought did I do, the livelong day, but shuffle and cut. Till at last, in a boastful hour, I swore I was the better player. We played; and ever the stakes rose higher — till in a moment of madness I staked my Persian slave, rarest of all my possessions. Allah! I lost — and ere dawn of the next day my most famous of cooks, my falsest of friends, together had vanished. Oh! what is a feast prepared without skill! And is not the art of a cinnamon stew a secret of Persia? Alas! my lost Iranian cook! Ah, woe is me — for I shall never feast again.'

But Yakub the Beautiful wrung his

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hands and said: 'My woes are greater. Listen, O my brothers, while I tell you. As you know, within my boundaries there was none so renowned as I for my supreme taste in all matters pertaining to the beautiful. Unsurpassed throughout the whole land was I for the shade and softness of my silks, the magnificence of my jewels, and the sweetness of my perfumes. But over and above all men envied me for having among my slaves a lady of peerless beauty. In all the land of Arabia there was not another like her. In her did my eyes behold the perfection of all earthly loveliness — therefore was I thrice blessed. Till on a fateful day there came to the doors of my tents a stranger with eyes blue — as the sky in spring. A blue-eyed stranger who told of strange countries and stranger customs. And when I inquired of him the land of his birth, he spake as of the regions of the Blest of a place called the Bowery.

'And I, marking only the azure clearness of his gaze — that was as a babe's, newborn — gave him shelter. And in return he sang me the love songs of his country. Also he taught to me a game — wonderful — such a one as only could have been invented by a jinn — and with it was I bewitched, forgetting all things, from the incense in my censers to the color of my garments; even the smiles of the fair Circassian, whom I left to languish alone. Nor any longer did I care to sit gazing for hours as was my wont upon her pearl-framed painted portrait that I wear ever around my neck, but desired rather that my hand might hold perpetually a card whereon were portrayed the hideous features of a devil, whom the stranger called the joker. Till one day, in a boastful hour, I vowed I was the better player. We played, setting the stakes ever higher — till in a rash moment I staked the peerless lady. Alack! he won — and long ere break of day, taking the girl, had vanished. Alas! in all Arabia there was not another half so fair. Oh, woe is me — my sweet Circassian slave — for I shall never love again.'

And Osman the Brave — and Mustapha the Gay — and Yakub the Beautiful — raised up their voices and wept, and rent their garments and said (all together in a chorus): —

'Oh, why did we ever play poker — play poker —'

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SHAKESPEARE IN GLUBBDUBRIB

BY A DRAMATIC CRITIC

[*Veiled in a somewhat transparent anonymity, the author appears to be none other than Mr. A. B. Walkley, critic of the* Times, *and the original of Bernard Shaw's character, Trotter, in* Fanny's First Play.]

From the *Times, May 2*
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

His Highness the Governor of Glubbdubrib ordered me to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world. I made my humble acknowledgments to His Highness for so great a favor, and forthwith I proposed that William Shakespeare might appear at the head of all his commentators. These were so numerous that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace.

I had difficulty at first in distinguishing Shakespeare from the crowd, for he was by no means the tallest or the handsomest or even the most poetically featured man among them. Indeed, his complexion was far worse than any of theirs, being spoiled by the constant application of grease paint and the cosmetics of the actor's trade. What chiefly indicated him was his gait, which was that peculiar to stage-players, who do not walk like other men, but are always, as it were, treading the boards, and, as they say in their language, taking the stage. His head was inclined to baldness, and he wore a short tuft on his chin, these being the only points in which I could discern any resemblance to the Stratford bust or to the Droeshout engraving in front of the First Folio, or to the Chandos picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

I soon discovered that he was a perfect stranger to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principal in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of their author to posterity. I introduced several of them to him, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But he was out of all patience with the account I gave him of the Baconians and the Derbyites and the other heretics, as I presented them to him, and he asked them whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves.

Among his editors, who were standing aloof from the mere commentators in a corner, but quarreling violently among themselves, he singled out Tibbald with a hearty shake of the hand, saying the man was a mighty

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good guesser, and guessing had ever been one of his own dearest pastimes, especially in the genders of French nouns. Upon Tibbald's making bold to ask him if his guess 'a'babbled of green fields' was a right one, Shakespeare said he felt sure it must be, marry come up, good Master Tibbald, and turned it off with a Hey, nonny, nonny! But he privately whispered to me that he did n't remember, having scribbled that scene after a night at the Mermaid and while the actors were waiting.

To Dr. Johnson he paid marked deference, asking him who the pedant in Hierocles was, because he had ever a soft place in his heart for the pedants, and whether Hierocles was a seaport town in Bohemia or the same as Higher Ockles near Wincot, where Marian Hacket, the fat alewife, once lived. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'it is not for me to bandy words with my sovereign; otherwise, I would ask you if you would rhyme Pericles with prickles' — which answer utterly confounded Shakespeare, who manifestly did not understand it.

In another corner were the ingenious critics, and among them Maurice Morgann and Coleridge and a learned academic professor of Victorian days, whose peculiarity it was to consider Shakespeare's characters as historical rather than dramatic beings. These critics had been so impressed by Shakespeare's 'creative faculty' that they supposed him to have created real people, who had a life outside his plays. Thus they would ask what Hamlet did before the curtain went up, and would surmise that 'doubtless in happier days he was a close and constant observer of men and manners,' and so on.

Shakespeare thanked these ingenious critics with a profound bow, saying that they did him too much honor in supposing his plays to be more than plays and himself to be more than a playwright. To be sure, he might have imagined what his Hamlet's behavior would have been 'in happier days,' but, as a matter of fact, he had n't written his tragedy about those happier days, and they must be pleased to content themselves with what he had written. In any case, he preferred the credit of an artist to that of a biographer. And with that he turned to another group who were busily plying needle and thread in fanciful designs, wherein they were so absorbed as not to notice Shakespeare even when he was close upon them.

'These, sir,' I answered his inquiring glance, 'are the embroiderers. They work all over your text, filling in the outline with the most elaborate patterns of their own contriving. They tell us more about your characters than you ever knew yourself. They expand your meaning when they think it too simple, and when they find it obscure make it more obscure. In short, you cannot see the wood for *their* trees. Need you be surprised that they do not recognize you as you pass? That is because they have made a fancy figure of you, wholly unlike the original.'

But by this time Shakespeare had grown weary of his commentators. 'I do desire,' he whispered to me, 'we may be better strangers,' and was slipping away on the pretext that he heard the early village cock. Thereupon I pointed out to him that it was yet some hours to dawn, but he only replied 'Via, Goodman Dull,' and I believe he departed to find out if there were any 'Mermaid' or 'Porcupine' or 'Elephant' or other such joyous hostelry in Glubbdubrib.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

OBSCURITY

BY V. SACKVILLE WEST

[*Observer*]

O LIVES
Unknown to song, made lovely by no words,
The bees stream in and out the summer hives,
All the full busyness of life goes by,
Men are each day begot, and passion shrives
Its bankrupts from their debt; men thresh the corn
And cast away the husk;
The traffic passes on the street, the sea
Spreads her great generous pasture as a robe
Whereon the slow ships, circling statelily,
Are patterned round the globe.

But you, the meek,
Dim through the nets of dusk,
Whom none shall ponder, celebrate, or seek,
Gentle as doves, the patient and the poor,
You that have never known
Pain making all humanity your own,
Or rapture purchased at a squandering price —
Birthright forgone in some long sacrifice,
In some wan sacrifice, prosaic, bleak,
Where is your poet? Where your troubadour?

SONG

BY V. SACKVILLE WEST

[*London Mercury*]

LITTLE I asked — but that little denied me;
Only the moon in the pools of the moor;
Only the netted Pleiads to guide me,
Coins of the poor.

Little I asked — but the rasp on the shingle;
Bee-bruised meridian on heather and thyme;
And the inward flute of a heart that was single,
For music and rhyme.

Little I asked — and too much was I given:
Shelter; and shelves full of other men's verse;
A heart cherished captive, O heart that had striven,
And gold for my purse.

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FRENCH IMITATIONS OF THE JAPANESE 'HOKKU'

BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN, the friend of Lafcadio Hearn, has probably done more than any other writer in English to bring Japanese poetry to European attention. The Japanese influence in modern American poetry, though not so strong as the Chinese, has been very marked in the last few years, and a few poets have turned into English with a great deal of success those curiously diminutive little poems which are variously known as *hokku*, *haiku*, and *haikai*.

Japanese poetry has slowly gone through a process of crystallization. There was a time when Japanese poets wrote 'long poems,' though even these rarely exceeded the length of two pages in a modern European book. By the tenth century these began to disappear and a highly conventional stanza known as the *tanka* began to be introduced. This followed a rigid stanzaic scheme whereby the first line had five syllables, the second seven, the third five, and the last two seven. These little poems were further divided between the first three and the last two lines, the final lines being employed in a way that was very roughly similar to the sestet of a Petrarchian sonnet in strict form. Presently even these began to be abbreviated, leaving out the last two lines. This was the hokku, which is the characteristic form of modern Japanese poetry.

The hokku is a curious little verse-form, nothing more than a dewdrop, but capable of reflecting the universe. Success with it is determined by the poet's ability to condense a vast deal of suggestion into the seventeen syllables which are all that convention allows him. To adopt the Chinese description of poetic suggestion, 'the poem stops, the mind goes on.'

English and American poets have not been alone in employing this form, although they have as a whole been a good deal more successful than the French, who rarely succeed in adapting the syllabic structure of Japanese verse to their language. This is by no means so difficult as with Chinese poetry, for Japanese is not, like Chinese, a monosyllabic language. Paul Louis Couchoud was one of the first French poets to adopt the hokku form. It was he who made one of the best descriptions of these delicate little lyrics ever written: '*Gouttelettes de poésie, simples tableaux en trois coups de brosse*' (Little drops of poetry, simple pictures in three strokes of the brush). He was followed by Michel Revon and by André Bellessort, who have brought the hokku to a good deal of popularity in France. Basho, Buson, and the woman poet Chiyo have all been translated into French, though with scarcely so much success as has been achieved by Yone Noguchi (who writes fairly acceptable verse both in English and Japanese) and by Professor Chamberlain.

Only in 1905 did French critics such as André Bellessort, with the aid of Louis Aubert and Charles Laurent, begin to give the French their first direct translations from Japanese texts. Couchoud used a stanza form somewhat like the hokku for some interesting little poems in which he noted the impressions of an inland voyage in a canal boat through the canals of France. In 1910 Revon brought out his *Anthologie de la littérature japonaise.*

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By this time the form was sufficiently familiar for French poets to begin to use it, and Oliver Réaltor composed a series of hokku in 1914 which were not published until several years later. In 1916 a soldier, Julien Vocance, published *Cent visions de guerre*, and a year later *Fantômes d'hier et d'aujourd'hui*, which were inspired by trench memories of Couchoud's book.

The *Nouvelle Revue Française*, always ready to lead the van of modernism, offered its hospitality to other French *haijin*, among them Jean Breton, Jean Paulhan, J.-R. Bloch, P.-A. Birot, and Paul Eluard. Jules Romains, the novelist, who under his real name of Louis Farigoule has attracted attention by his experiments in vision through the skin, described the hokku in the Socialist *Humanité*, with the result that the French Socialists temporarily left off dreaming of a Marxian paradise and fell to scribbling Japanese poetry. Paul Forte also took up Oriental poetry at this time.

It is rather interesting to note that one of the writers among the French vers librists shows the same interest in the Orient as Miss Amy Lowell has shown in our country.

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BOOKS AND PUBLISHERS IN GERMANY

From Berlin Herman George Scheffauer writes to the London *Bookman* on the situation of the German publishers. Before the war Germany was the greatest publishing centre in Europe, producing 34,000 books a year. At this time England was producing 12,000 and France only 9000. To-day Germany is printing nearly 30,000 volumes.

From 1914 to 1918 the stream was held up, but with the Armistice the flood descended upon the public. As Herr Scheffauer himself expresses it: —

'Young authors, made wise or mad by the war or the revolution, thrust themselves upon the public and, afire with new messages or old dispensations, used books as pulpits and platforms. The New Era was about to dawn! Groups of young intellectuals established Leagues of Mental Workers — even the duty of the poet to dominate politics was proclaimed. Many new publications advocating new causes appeared. A renaissance seemed about to break into bloom. Beautiful and expensive editions of new and old works were issued; portfolios of graphic art, largely expressionistic, filled the windows of the bookshops. These, it was said, were bought only by the foreigner with high-potential money or by new-rich German war-profiteers who, by some strange transmogrification, felt a sudden panic-stricken rage for culture. The censorship had been removed, so "erotica" and even pornography found excellent markets.

'The demolition of old literary and art forms, by the movement called Expressionism, gave a fresh impetus to most writers. But upon this recrudescence of spiritual and æsthetic forces fell the blight of dismal economic conditions, and many fine hopes were blasted. The tremendous increase in the cost of paper and printing, the gradual dropping into the abyss of the youngest and some of the oldest periodicals, the poverty and privation among literary men, the prohibitive cost of the finished book, brought about a kind of chaos. Yet the production was still immense and remarkably varied. Even such works as Hans Vaihinger's *The Philosophy of the As If* and Oswald Spengler's epic and pessimistic *Downfall of the Occident* ran into figures which even Courths-Mahler, the popular sentimental novelist, might have envied.'

It seems curious to hear Germans complaining that 'Nobody can buy a

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book,' for it is hard to reconcile this with Herr Scheffauer's statement that 30,000 are being published every year. The publishers hardly pour out their capital at that rate unless there is some chance of finding purchasers. The prices of books, like the prices of everything else in Germany, are fabulous, and yet books are the cheapest necessities in Germany. They are far cheaper than butter, milk, or meat.

The publishers, weary of trying to fix their prices in a currency which is constantly changing, have hit upon the simple plan of publishing what they call the 'peace' price of each new book. Thus a new book is listed at five marks — so near to nothing in American currency that it could hardly be calculated. But this does not mean that the German book-buyer gets it for any such price. He must multiply the price by a figure announced every week at the official book-exchange. He may have to multiply by as much as 2000, making the price of an ostensibly five-mark book 10,000 marks.

The average novel of to-day costs from 16,000 to 20,000 marks, and the publishers who in 1914 would have accepted 3500 marks in an edition must to-day receive 6,250,000 marks. Moreover, to cover the cost of production the publisher to-day must sell 2470 copies of each book, whereas in 1914 he would have had to sell only about 1900.

This situation bears hardest of all upon the students, who, though not quite so plentiful as once they were, are still very strong in numbers. University libraries are able to offer but one copy of many modern books, and students unable to buy for themselves descend in throngs upon each volume with the result that the libraries' reserves are speedily exhausted. Foreign books are practically unpurchasable, and the only hope of most German universities lies in the gifts of foreign friends who are unwilling to extend national hatred to the pure realms of scholarship.

German translations of contemporary foreign writers are very full, however. Among the English writers who have been translated recently are D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, and G. K. Chesterton; and among the Americans are Upton Sinclair, who is more widely esteemed as a novelist in Europe than in America, H. L. Mencken, who has never been anywise hostile to anything made in Germany, and John Dos Passos, whose novel, *The Three Soldiers*, is appearing serially in a German Socialist newspaper.

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A DANISH ACTOR IN PARIS

Four years after the war, Gémier, the great French actor who became manager of the Odéon in February 1922, extended an invitation to the German producer Max Reinhardt to come to Paris and stage several productions. In his devotion to his art Gémier was willing to forget the frontier. Not so however the Parisian public, in whose mind bitter memories of the war still rankled — as is perhaps understandable. There was an outburst of public indignation and the minister of fine arts was finally compelled to forbid the proposed visit — an ungracious act which must have caused the French manager a greater pang than it caused its German victim.

Now, however, Gémier has sponsored a similar visit of a foreign producer, this time being careful to see that he picked a neutral. Reumert of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, has come to Paris and presented a very curious Danish play by Madame Karen Bramson. The play is called *Professor Klenow*, and describes the life of an old

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man crushed with illness over whose head hangs the threat of blindness. He takes under his protection an unfortunate girl who has been condemned to degradation through the folly of her spendthrift father. The old professor falls in love with his ward. The girl admires him, but has given her heart to a younger man. Tortured by jealousy the old man makes sure that his young protégée will not desert him, by tricking her into a marriage. Two whole acts are given over to portraying the long martyrdom which is all that such a marriage can mean. In the end the unwilling wife, driven to desperation, commits suicide.

M. Reumert plays the principal part. He speaks French perfectly, and, unlike the recent Russian and French visitors to our American stage, can therefore play in the language of his audience. His voice is magnificent in timbre and his articulation very clear. Even the Parisian public — there is none more critical — is willing to admire. The part of the young wife was taken by Mlle. Madeleine Clervanne, who until recently was a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire.

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CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH WEEKLIES

Two of the English weeklies have just undergone decided changes. With the issue of April 28 the company of journalists, with Mr. H. W. Massingham at their head, who founded the *Nation* sixteen years ago, left their desks and handed over their paper to a new staff, prominent among whom is Mr. J. M. Keynes. With Mr. Massingham goes his brilliant young assistant-editor, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, who through his books is perhaps better known to the American public than Mr. Massingham himself. In the English periodical world there has been a good deal of indignation over the treatment accorded Mr. Massingham, one of the most able and honest of all the able and honest writers who make the English weeklies. The magazine was practically sold over his head to its new possessors. It is a tribute to Mr. Massingham that his associates to a man chose to go with him. The new editors opened their first issue with an 'Editorial Foreword' in which they paid tribute to him.

Mr. Massingham has edited the *Nation* since its foundation in 1907. It is he who has made the paper and has won for it its reputation for distinction and integrity. Few men have done more to keep the true spirit of Liberalism alive and its essential principles clear, in days of adversity and amid the temptations of electoral success. He never forgot that Liberalism was, in his own phrase, 'a larger and more fruitful thing' than the formularies of a political party; and no concession to mere expediency or to personalities has ever been countenanced by the *Nation*. We deeply regret the termination of his long connection with the paper.

At the same time the Chesterton-Belloc *New Witness* disappears, to be reincarnated — if that word can be applied to so orthodox a journal — as *G. K. C.'s Weekly*. The sum of £10,000, which is regarded as a necessary guaranty before founding a paper, does not appear to be quite all subscribed, but adequate funds are in sight and there seems no doubt that the *New Witness* group will be able to continue their paper in more ambitious form. Among the numerous messages received by the *Weekly* on the occasion of its last issue is one from Mr. H. G. Wells, who says: —

I sit by your bedside, the Phœnix deathbed from which *G. K. C.'s Weekly* is to be born, with very mingled feelings. You have been a decent wrong-headed old paper, full of good writing. If Catholicism is still to run about the world giving tongue it can have no better spokesman than G. K. C.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Un Homme Fini, by Giovanni Papini, translated by Henri R. Chazel. Paris: Perrin, 1923.
Le Crépuscule des Philosophes, by Giovanni Papini, translated by Juliette Bertrand. Paris: Chiron, 1923.

[Benjamin Cremieux in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

THE success won by Papini's *Life of Christ* has made the French public familiarize itself with his other characteristic works. Mlle. Juliette Bertrand has just given us *Le Crépuscule des Philosophes*, M. Chazel *Un Homme Fini*, and a new selection of extracts from *Pilote Aveugle* and *Tragique Quotidien* will soon appear in a translation by Paul Henri Michel.

Un Homme Fini is undoubtedly Papini's masterpiece, and it is the most significant book published in Italy between 1908 and 1915. It is an autobiography; it is a picture of Italy between 1900 and 1912; and it is a revelation of a very curious intellectual development. The best of Papini, which is his cerebral torment and his yearning toward the absolute, is expressed in this book with an ardor, a spontaneity, a sincerity, — even a nakedness, — and a sense of balance that he has never displayed so happily elsewhere. You see his return to Catholicism already outlining itself.

Le Crépuscule des Philosophes is Papini's first work. Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Spencer are scourged with a youthful hand. It is a rare pleasure to read such lively, alert, and amusing exposés of history.

The translations of these two books are faithful but not remarkable.

A History of Engraving and Etching from the Fifteenth Century to the Year 1914, by Arthur M. Hind. London: Constable, 1923. 42*s*.
Etching and Other Graphic Arts, by George T. Plowman. London: John Lane; New York: Dodd Mead, 1923.

[*Sunday Times*]

MR. A. M. HIND'S history of engraving and etching is already known as the standard work on this subject in the English language. This third and revised edition includes one new and very useful feature in the Classified List of Engravers; the bibliography has been augmented and brought up to date, and considerable additions have been made to the chapter on Modern Etching. The author admits the difficulty of knowing where to stop when one begins to deal with contemporary etchers, but in drawing the line at 1914 he has been able to include practically all the eminent etchers whose reputations were established before the outbreak of war.

Mr. Plowman's book is more popular in character, and is primarily designed for the amateur. The first part deals with the subjects necessary to a complete understanding of etching, and rightly begins by laying emphasis on drawing as the first essential. The second part of the book is practical and technical, dealing with the methods and materials of etching. The volume may be commended to students as a useful guide in their preliminary work.

L'Oublie, by Pierre Benoit. Paris: Albin Michel, 1922. 3*fr*. 75.

[*Le Livre des Livres*]

WHEN Pierre Benoit's heroes start to tell us their own adventures with their own lips, they never stop reeling off extraordinary encounters. Here the brigadier Pinderes, whose squadron is operating in Armenia against the Turks, is all the less troubled by possibilities because he is taking us through a dream. It is a very pretty dream and a very amusing one, which carries us through the Bolshevist Republic of Ossipluria, in which, however, the oligarchy do not make a practice of carrying knives between their teeth. The despot, a colleague of Lenin, is a lady named Mandane, whose charm and beauty does not yield a bit, even to Antinea.

Pierre Benoit has put his new novel together with his usual humorous and fantastic touch. Two well-made short stories end the book.

Memories of Later Years, by Oscar Browning. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has lived a great many years, including six months in the reign of William IV; he has traveled widely, observed keenly, and known almost everyone worth knowing; and his interest in Mr. Oscar Browning is infectious. These memories, which, despite their title, go back sixty years, are mainly impressions of travel. But their author is much more concerned with people than places, and though he finds comfort from the reflection that when he was in India he almost certainly saw Mount Everest, he admits that he did as little sightseeing as possible. He was the guest of Lord Curzon, and 'no one,' he says, 'who has lived in India as the Viceroy's guest could live happily in

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any other way.' Except, of course, in Italy, where he 'has never spent a dull hour.'

A Liberal, a pro-Boer when it was easier to be a pro-Boer in England than abroad, and a Christian Scientist, Mr. Oscar Browning does not leave us in this book to detect his heroes by implication. Cecil Rhodes, Campbell-Bannerman, Curzon, and Lloyd George compel his admiration, and he was the friend of three of them. He leaves no doubts, either, about his aversions. Chief of these, perhaps, was Metternich, to whose policy he traces the disruption of Austria, while he makes some forcible comments about the type of swaggering Englishmen produced by Waterloo, who were lords and masters of the Eternal City itself, and incurred the dislike of half the capitals of Europe.

It is not quite fair to say that this dates the book. In fact, its chief interest is that its reference is mainly to the European society of the last century. Its wit and vivacity belong to that society; and at the age of eighty-six they are remarkable. And so, also, is the fact that Mr. Oscar Browning is still writing books, and still rises at six o'clock.

The Irish Guards in the Great War, edited and compiled from their diaries and papers by Rudyard Kipling. Two vols. London: Macmillan, 1923. 40*s*.

[John Buchan in the *Times*]

THE Irish Guards have been so fortunate as to find their historian in the greatest living master of narrative. No other book can ever be written exactly like this, and it seems likely to endure as the fullest document of the war-life of a British regiment, compiled by a man of genius who brings to his task, not only a quick eye to observe and a sure hand to portray, but a rare spirit of reverence and understanding. Mr. Kipling's point of view is the battalions'; he is not concerned with the larger issues of the campaign, but with the narrow horizon which bounded the battalions' gaze. He has limited himself to 'matters which directly touch the men's lives and fortunes'; and he has recaptured, though he will scarcely admit it, 'the brilliance, squalor, unreason, and heaped boredom' of the mad world which was these men's inheritance. From regimental diaries and private letters he has told again the story of battles which now seem to many as far away as the fights in Homer.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

IN Mr. Kipling's faithful eyes, the Regulars alone had all the virtues. It is typical that tanks are scarcely mentioned, and then coldly, though he describes with special detail and real power the first of all tank-battles, one in which it is really difficult to describe the full measure of their prominence both in the landscape and in the minds of our troops.

The reader who knew the war at first hand must be prepared for other surprises, and not mind them. It is surprising to find anyone, who has had a chance to learn the dislike and contempt of our troops for atrocity-mongering, writing now in a book that in October 1914 'it was necessary to warn the companies that the enemy might attack behind a screen of Belgian women and children.' Nor will English airmen thank Mr. Kipling for saying that during the German advance in 1918 'the enemy's swarms of aeroplanes harried the Amiens hospitals, driving the civilians into the broadside of the country behind, where the moonlight nights betrayed them to fresh hosts in the air.' The present writer inhabited at the moment a billet almost overhanging the railway through Amiens, and can testify to the professional assiduity and skill with which the German bombers concentrated on the double line of metals, though they did not always hit it. Again, it is startling to find the lightness with which Mr. Kipling, intent on his heroes, imputes downright failures in resolution to other troops. No one who had ever been with any one unit through the war would throw that stone.

Guarded beforehand against these and a few other shocks, any old infantryman can read the book through with constant pleasure and admiration for the sympathetic vision that has figured so well the fatigue and grime of the war, its blank voidness of stirring pomp and pleasant circumstance, its excess of muddiness over even bloodiness, and of stench over martial romance, and also the indefeasibly gay and elastic vitality of the human mind, which never wholly failed to conjure something of humor or beauty out of the incidents of its passage through so many dreary miseries of mind and body.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

IKEDA, S. *Weltbetrachtungen eines Japaners.* Stuttgart: Neues Schloss Verlag, 1923.

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